GRANT MEMORIAL NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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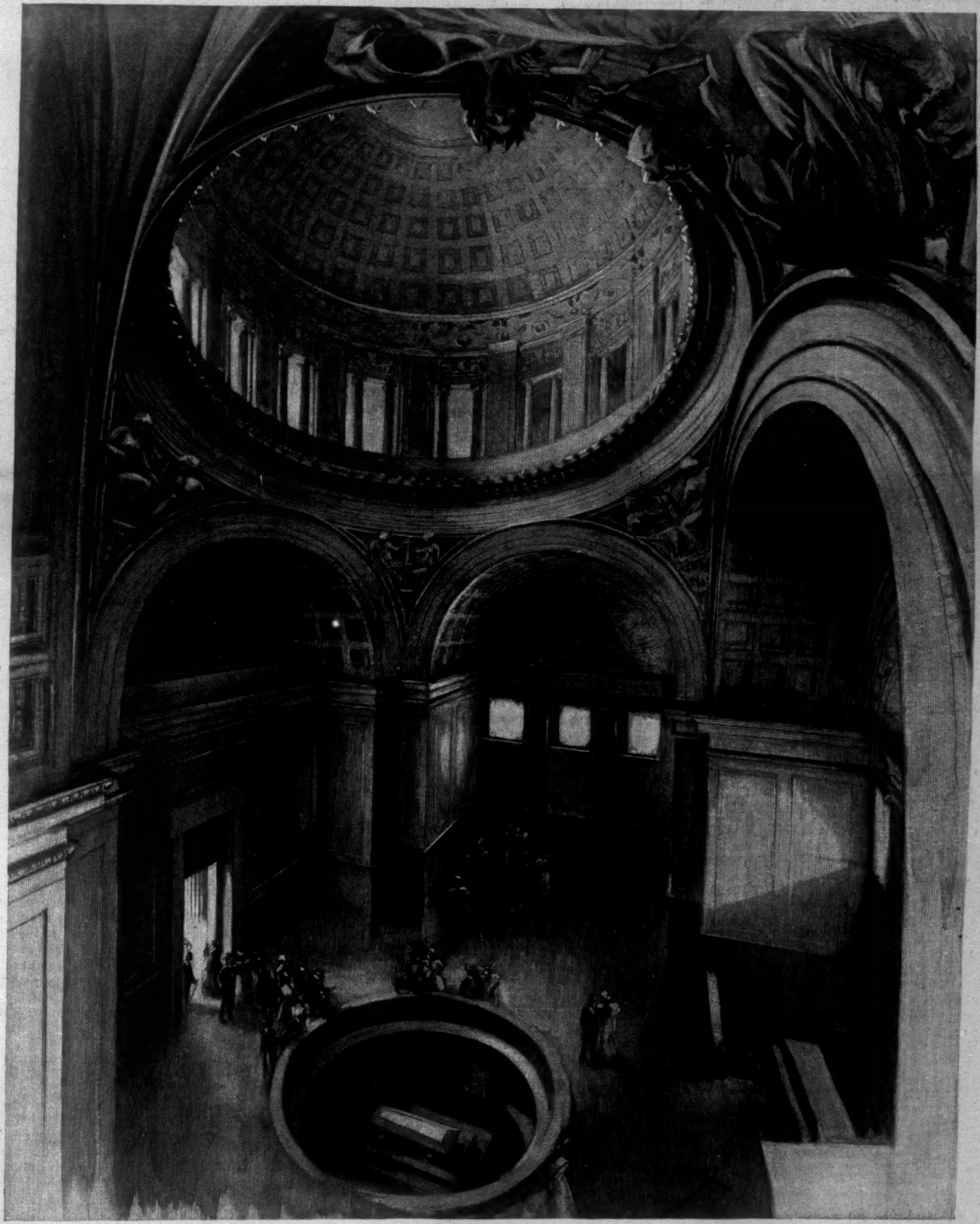

THE TOMB OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT—INTERIOR VIEW.

Drawn by G. W. Peters.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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AN ANOMALOUS SITUATION.

THE Presidential campaign of 1896 turned on the financial issue. The overshadowing question was whether the gold standard should be maintained or the fifty-cent silver dollar should be made legal tender in payment of all debts. The nation declared decisively against the proposal to depreciate our currency.

President McKinley's inaugural address indicated that he recognized the meaning of this popular verdict. At the very outset he declared that "our financial system needs some revision," and that our money "should be put upon an enduring basis, not subject to easy attack, nor its stability to doubt or dispute." He therefore suggested the expediency of creating a commission to take under early consideration the revision of our coinage, banking, and currency laws, and announced his purpose, if vested with such power, to appoint prominent well-informed citizens of different parties, who would command public confidence by their ability and special fitness for the work.

This was encouraging to that great body of voters who had supported Mr. McKinley not by reason of his tariff record, but in spite of it, because they believed that he represented the right side of the infinitely more important currency issue. He seemed to have both a realizing sense of the situation and a readiness to take prompt action in the right direction. Unhappily this passage in the inaugural address is the only such indication which the new administration has thus far given. President McKinley convened Congress in special session March 15, and enjoined upon that body only the necessity for providing ample revenues through the passage of a new tariff law.

Congress has now been in session a month and a half. The Dingley tariff bill was rushed through the House under whip and spur. No reasonable opportunity was allowed for consideration and amendment. Its chief promoters admitted the manifold faults of the bill, and comforted Republican critics by promises that these faults should be remedied in the Senate, where deliberation would be possible. A measure which was extremely unsatisfactory to a large element in the dominant party was forced to passage in the body which originated it by the plea that it would be made satisfactory elsewhere.

The expectation that the Senate would act more reasonably than the House in this matter never had any basis. The experience of the Democrats with the Upper Chamber in 1894 is still fresh in the public mind, and the difficulties of the Republicans in 1897 are still greater. They lack the nominal majority which their opponents had three years ago, and they are entirely at the mercy of Senators who are indifferent to the effect of the demands which they make upon Republican fortunes. These demands threaten to make the bill, when returned to the House, far more unsatisfactory than when it was passed.

Many weeks, however, must elapse before the bill, not yet reported from the Finance Committee, can pass the Senate. Meanwhile the House meets twice a week, and only remains in session long enough to adjourn for three days—the Constitution forbidding either branch to adjourn for a longer time without the consent of the other. The Speaker has not appointed the committees, and manifests no intention to do so, although the rules expressly provide that, "unless otherwise specially ordered by the House, the Speaker shall appoint at the commencement of each Congress the standing committees." Without committees no business can be done. For example, the President sent Congress, a few days ago, a message urging early action for the proper participation of the United States in the Paris Exposition of 1900. When this message was read in the House, the Speaker remarked, "The message of the President will be referred to the Committee on Appropriations when appointed"; and shortly afterwards the body adjourned for three days, the majority only regretting that they could not make the interval three weeks.

The situation thus presented is anomalous. The new President convenes Congress in extra session within a fortnight after his inauguration, but when it meets says not a word about the revision of the currency system which he had himself declared essential and pressing. He insists that "the imperative demand of the hour is the prompt enactment of a tariff law which shall provide ample revenue." The Constitution provides that all bills for raising revenue shall originate in the House, the obvious meaning being that such measures shall be substantially framed by the representatives of the people, the representatives of the States in the upper branch having the power to amend, but not being expected virtually to make a bill of their own. Yet the Republican managers in the House grant only a few days for the consideration of the Dingley bill in that body, and unload the real framing of the most important schedules upon the Senate. At best, under the most favorable circumstances, many weeks must be consumed in this work by the upper branch, during which the House might take up important matters which demand immediate attention; yet the House does nothing, and its leaders ostentatiously announce their purpose to continue doing nothing.

The Republican party does not control the Senate, but it has an overwhelming majority in the House. It can carry out any policy it may have so far as the House is concerned. Whether it shall control the lower branch of the next Congress will depend largely upon the record which it shall make in that branch during the present Congress. The calling of an extra session gave it an uncommon opportunity. Instead of waiting for more than a year after the election, it was furnished a chance to show its capacity within four months. Meeting in March, 1897, it could speedily have taken steps toward a revision of our financial system, so that if a commission were to be appointed, a report might be ready at the opening of the regular session in December. Confronted with the necessity for prompt legislation regarding the government's interest in the Pacific railroads, and some plan for the legitimate regulation of transportation rates in view of the Supreme Court's recent decision concerning traffic agreements, it might before this time have sent wisely framed measures on these subjects to the Senate. A bankrupt law and other matters of large importance might now be ready to engage its attention during the weeks that the tariff bill will be before the Senate.

As it is, we have a Lower House neglecting the interests of the nation, while the tariff bill is being so tinkered as to command a majority in the Senate. The Republican managers seem resolved to "trust to luck." The rising signs of disgust among the people at this policy should warn them of their folly.

THE TARIFF AND PRICES.

In addition to its feature of socialism, the Dingley tariff bill overlooks what has been one of the most remarkable economic revolutions recorded in recent times. The effects of the production of gold after 1849 were widespread in their influence upon the welfare of nations and peoples, but they did not amount to a sharp, sudden catastrophe to production and commerce. It was a gradual influence—so gradual that the extent and degree were not susceptible of measurement except after a long period of time. Commerce and industry have since met with checks every ten years, and the depression has spread in varying degrees of intensity throughout the commercial world. But these were natural incidents to modern economic life, and could be explained by the laws of economic activity. Recovery followed, and the depression was recognized as a wholesome experience, clearing the way for new advances on the lines of progress.

In 1893 occurred a general revolution in prices, so great as to disarrange all existing conditions under which business was organized. In place of a slow and gradual fall in values as measured in money, a sharp and sudden drop occurred in nearly every branch of production, whether agricultural or industrial. The farmer saw with dismay the price of his wheat or cattle fall below the point which he had looked upon as affording a profit; and the manufacturer, favored by cheaper materials, sought to maintain his returns by larger sales at the lower prices, and even regarded an export of his goods to foreign countries as within his possibilities. Every relation of business was obliged to adapt itself to the new conditions, and this process is still in action. Apart from accidental and temporary influences, these low prices promise to be permanent, and it is useless to expect that any legislation can raise prices in the United States above the rates now prevailing throughout the world.

For it is a world-wide revolution in prices. The wool-growers of Argentina and Australia are as much affected as the wool-growers of Ohio or Idaho. The prices in the cattle interests of South America have fallen as much as have prices in our Western States. The money returns to the sugar-growers of the West Indies and Europe have decreased in the same proportion as have the returns to the Louisiana planters. There is hardly an article produced in commercial quantities that has not passed through this price experience, and, as a rule, fallen to a point below which it seems hardly possible to go without destroying the ability to produce.

The policy of the tariff bill disregards the remarkable change in commerce and industry wrought by general low prices, and proposes to return to the rates of the law of 1890, when a higher price made the taxation more easily borne. In 1893 every dollar of imported merchandise subject to duty paid 49 cents for the privilege of entry. The proposed law will impose a tax of 57 cents on every dollar of such imports, and there can be little doubt of its effects. If the rates of 1890 tended to restrict imports, and this was one of its results, the rates of the new bill are even more restrictive, and commerce must pay for an idle experiment on domestic prices.

THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR.

The very war which Europe has been dreading has commenced, and Greeks and Turks are measuring their strength. To appearance the conflict is very unequal. Turkey's army on the frontier far outnumbers that of Greece, and she can draw heavily on reserves, while every available Greek is under arms. The Turkish troops, too, are well trained, while the Greeks are to a considerable degree raw recruits. On the other hand, the Greeks have some advantages of position. They are nearer their base of supplies, and can concentrate their forces on any one point, while at the same time they can make diversions which must inevitably distract and weaken the Turkish attack. They have a good available navy, far more useful than the heavier but less effective ships of the Turks. They are well acquainted with the country, know every defile, road, and harbor; while the Turk even in his own empire is scarcely at home. More important still, they have the sympathy, and probably will have the active support, of the Christians of Macedonia, who, even if they dare not join in actual insurrection, will be helpful rather than a hinderance to the invaders.

The plan of the Greek campaign seems to be to do little more in Thessaly than to check the Turkish advance by defending Larissa, but on both the west and east to break through the Turkish lines, cut their connections, and arouse Macedonia. In this they have been measurably successful. The Turks have indeed secured control of the most important pass into Thessaly, and are face to face with the main army of the Greeks; but the latter hold the other passes, and may be able to cut the Turkish lines in the rear or to attack them on the flank. On the west the Greeks have bombarded Prevesa, and expect that the way to Janina will soon be open. They are also threatening Salonica, and perhaps Smyrna.

Whether the efforts to arouse Macedonia will be successful remains to be seen. The situation there is complicated. Epirus is chiefly Greek, as is also southern Thrace from Salonica to the Dardanelles. From Prevesa north to the Montenegrin frontier are the Albanians, about equally divided between Christian and Moslem. The Christians are in sympathy with, yet somewhat jealous of, the Greeks; the Moslems, friendly to the Turks only because that friendship gives them the upper hand in the land, prestige and power. Up the valley of the Vardar, from Salonica to the Servian frontier, the Greeks gradually give place to the Bulgarians at Monastir, and they to the Servians at Uskup. There is no dividing-line, each community mingling with the other. The Bulgarians extend eastward along the lower slopes of the Rhodope Mountains. Interspersed with all are large communities of Wallachs, kindred to the Roumanians north of the Danube in language and religion, but whether in race or not is uncertain. Scattered through the whole country are Moslems; seldom, however, Turks proper, but natives of Greek, Bulgarian, Servian, and Wallachian descent, who have accepted Islam and are looked upon as Turks. To secure effective co-operation among these communities will be no easy thing. If it can be done, Greek success will be not only possible, but probable, always provided that the concert of Europe does not interfere, but leaves them free to fight the Turk as best they can.

Europe is watching the Balkan states. And the Balkan states in turn are watching their fellows in Macedonia. Should Bulgarians and Ser-

vians join hands with the Greeks, it would be almost impossible to keep their fellows, already free from Turkish rule, from coming to their assistance. They have long been watching for the time when they could enlarge their borders southward, and if they thought the time was ripe, they would undoubtedly advance. Montenegro, too, would be glad to secure Scutari and a little more of the Adriatic coast. If Europe can keep these countries quiet she may be willing to let the contest go on. Should, however, there be signs of that general Balkan uprising, the indications are that the fleets will be called upon again to do the behests of the two men whom Mr. GLADSTONE calls "those youthful despots, the Emperors of Germany and Russia," and to bind again, more firmly than ever, the chains of Turkish tyranny on the Christian races of Turkey, until they are ready to replace those by others of their own forging.

GRANT DAY.

THE mausoleum so commandingly placed, and, upon the whole, so worthy of its commanding place, on the bold bluff at the north end of Riverside Park, will remain for generations to testify who it was whom his countrymen regard as the first among the heroes of the civil war. Hundreds of thousands of men bore their parts worthily in that struggle, and many men who entered it obscure emerged from it famous. But by that mixture "of fate and of one's own deserving" that determines the leadership in most movements of the people, GRANT is first among the heroes of the victorious side. The monument within which his remains are now permanently laid attests the truth of history, which there are now none to gainsay.

During his lifetime General GRANT received, in two terms of the Presidency, the highest honors that a grateful people could bestow. But in the chorus of commemoration that is now sounding it is curious to see how small a part his civil services play. The four years of the civil war, especially the last year of the civil war, when his previous achievements had imposed him upon the country as its sole hope and reliance in the command in chief, are the topic of the writers and the orators, almost to the exclusion of the eight years of the chief magistracy. It is of the hero of Appomattox and not of the eighteenth President of the United States that everybody is thinking and speaking. And this is not because his civil administration was upon the whole unsuccessful, as upon the whole it will now be agreed that it was, in spite of some noteworthy public services. Of these the veto of the inflation bill was the most conspicuous. Although the discreet conduct of our foreign affairs under Secretary FISH was not less important, it was in the nature of the case less striking, for it was in what it saved us from, rather than in what it effected of positive results that its value and its wisdom were shown. And this fact indeed illustrates how much less brilliant and popular the services of a statesman necessarily are than the services of a soldier, and why, even if General GRANT had been better equipped for the Presidency than he was, it would still be General GRANT and not President GRANT whom the people would delight to honor, and that the honors of this week are paid to the victor of Appomattox. And yet, and herein lies the deepest significance of the celebration, they are honors in which the vanquished of Appomattox can heartily join. Nobody who saw the first funeral of General GRANT, twelve years ago, could have failed to be deeply impressed by it; and the most impressive part of the demonstration was that taken in it by those who survived of the leaders whose attempts to establish a new confederation the man they honored had done most to defeat. In the interval many of these also have passed away, but the significance of their attendance has become clearer than ever. It is in this interval that one of them has publicly said that the South was glad the war had ended, and glad that it had ended as it did. As it is often said, the real reunion of the United States is an achievement without precedent in the history of the world. It is as legitimate a source of national pride as the glories of the war itself—more legitimate, for this is a pride in which the vanquished as well as the victors have their share. It is a testimony to the moderation of the victors and the absence of malignity in the vanquished, a testimony to the magnanimity of the American character. In this General GRANT was a true representative of the armies which he led and of the people whom he represented. Appomattox, which marked the final victory of his captaincy, marked also the plain kindness and good-will towards those whom he had been fighting that is so much more impressive than a theatrical ostentation of chivalry. It was a fortunate inspiration that led the builders of the monument to the most famous captain of the civil war to inscribe in the most conspicuous place upon its front, as most characteristic of him, his saying, "Let us have peace."

A BURNING SHAME.

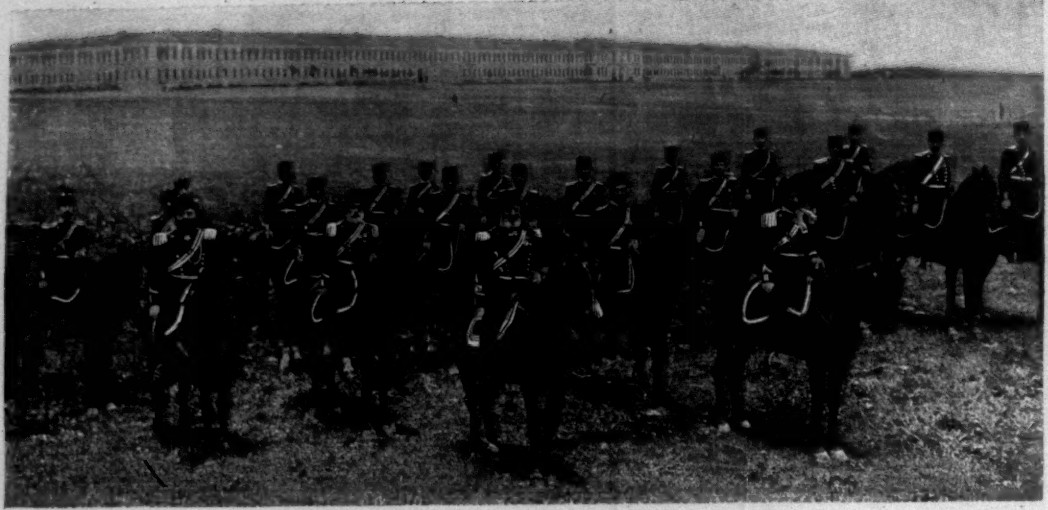
THE onset of the spoils-hunters of the victorious party upon the new administration is this time especially reckless and ravenous. It is, indeed, natural enough that the "dead-beats" that hang on the skirts of every party should muster in full force when there are pickings in sight. Neither should we be surprised to see crowding upon the President and the heads of departments the real or pretended party "workers" to claim as their rewards post-offices or consulships or revenue places. And, as a matter of course, the member of Congress is on hand who wants food for his henchmen to keep his home machine in working order, or who is pursued by the furies in the shape of hungry "friends" to whom he has promised places. All these things will occur so long as any government offices are treated as patronage to be doled out by way of favor. Hideous and absurd as such performances must appear to the intelligence and the moral sense of mankind, and humiliating as they are to the patriotic pride of the American citizen who has the good name and the welfare of his country at heart, we might regard them now as mere lingering remnants of vicious old habits which are still desperately struggling against the advent of a better order of things. But of more sinister portent is an address recently delivered to President MCKINLEY by a delegation from the "League of Republican Clubs," who pretended to speak for more than a million of Republican voters, "embracing the younger and more active element of the party, who had largely contributed to the success of the national ticket last November." In their name the delegation appealed to President MCKINLEY to revoke the orders of President CLEVELAND by which some 40,000 places had been rescued from the reach of spoils politics and placed under the civil service rules.

Can the men who made that appeal be utterly blind to the character of their proposal? Have they considered what their demand involves? Here is the Republican platform upon which the party stood when it won that "success" to which the League of Republican Clubs pretends to have so largely contributed: "The civil service law was placed upon the statute-books by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declaration that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." Nor was this platform pledge a mere random utterance; it was a repetition of what the party had been promising time and again for a quarter of a century. And here is what the candidate of the Republican party, now President MCKINLEY, said when in his letter of acceptance he asked for the votes of the people: "The pledge of the Republican National Convention that our civil service laws shall be sustained, and thoroughly and honestly enforced, is in keeping with the position of the party for the last twenty-four years, and will be faithfully observed. Our opponents decry these reforms. They appear willing to abandon all the advantages gained after so many years of agitation and effort. They encourage a return to methods of party favoritism which both parties have denounced, which experience has condemned, and which the people have repeatedly disapproved. The Republican party earnestly opposes this reactionary and entirely unjustifiable policy. It will take no backward step upon this question. It will seek to improve but never degrade the public service." When that platform was made, and when the Republican candidate, Mr. MCKINLEY, put forth his appeal to the voters, the CLEVELAND orders adding 40,000 places to the classified service had already become an important part of that reformed system which the Republican platform, as well as the candidate, solemnly promised not only to sustain in its integrity, but, wherever practicable, even to extend beyond its then existing limits.

And now this delegation of the League of Republican Clubs has the hardihood to demand that the President, after having made that pledge, and after having been elected upon that platform, shall not only not extend the reformed system, shall not only not maintain it in its integrity, but shall, on the contrary, curtail its area to one-half of what it was when he became President! Do they not know what such a demand means? It means that the Republican party shall deliberately pronounce itself a liar and a cheat. It means that the Republican President shall coolly do himself what he with indignant eloquence accused his opponents of intending to do; that he shall flagrantly break a pledge which he promised "faithfully to observe"; that he shall disgrace himself by utterly dishonoring his word. Were the delegates of the League of Republican Clubs insensible to the deadly insult they offered the President in expressing to his face their expectation that he would do so base a thing? Would it have been worse if they had told him that they thought him capable of perjuring himself, or of forging an indorsement upon a bank-check? In that case he would probably have kicked them down stairs as persons unfit to approach a gentleman. Did they deserve anything better under the circumstances actually existing?

For what reason, then, and to what end, do they demand that the 40,000 places covered by the CLEVELAND orders shall be taken out of the classified service and exposed again to the grasp of the spoils politician? Is it to promote the public interest? They complain that under the CLEVELAND administration many places not then in the classified service were filled with Democrats, that then the civil service rules were extended over them for the protection of the new incumbents, and that for this reason the orders in question should be revoked. Is this pertinent? That under the CLEVELAND administration a number of removals and partisan appointments were made against which the civil service reformers felt themselves called upon to remonstrate is true. But that the persons so appointed are, if objectionable, protected in their places by the civil service rules is not true. There is absolutely nothing in the civil service law or in the rules that would prevent the present administration from removing any person in the classified service who is incompetent, dishonest, or otherwise unsuitable for official position. If, therefore, any of the places covered by the CLEVELAND orders are now occupied by party workers who were put there by political favor without due regard to the public interest, nothing will be easier than to get rid of them under the civil service rules as they stand. No revocation of the CLEVELAND orders will be required for that purpose. But under those rules it will not be possible, after such removals have been made, to fill the places so vacated by another set of partisan appointments without due regard to the public interest. The new candidates for those positions cannot reach them except through the gate of regular competitive examinations. And this is what troubles the League of Republican Clubs. Not merely for the removal of one set of partisans from the service, but for the free admission of another set of partisans into the service, they demand the annulment of the CLEVELAND orders. Not to the end of making the service more efficient and honest, but to provide public plunder for their own men they urge their party to become false to its pledges, and the President to break his word and to forfeit his character as an honest man.

Can it be that in this disreputable effort they speak, as they pretend to do, for "the younger element" of the Republican party? If such a spirit really did prevail among the young men of that organization, then the prospects of its future usefulness would be dark indeed. It is the standing argument of spoils politicians that if the spoil of office were not held up as a reward for political activity our people would lose their interest in public affairs, and political parties could no longer exist; in other words, that while in England, in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Belgium, in Switzerland, the people can keep up their interest in public affairs and political parties can exist without there being any offices as party spoil, the Americans are such a lot of mercenary wretches that they will become indifferent to the welfare and honor of their country unless they have official salaries as rewards in prospect. Have the American people ever been insulted with a more calumnious aspersion? If this were true, then it would be time for the great American republic to go into bankruptcy and to put its affairs into the hands of a receiver. Its moral vitality would be gone. Nor can the young men of the Republican party resent and repel too sharply the opprobrious imputation cast upon them by the League of Republican Clubs. There may be a class of selfish young hustlers in that organization who, after having "contributed to the success" of their party, make haste to urge that party to dishonor itself by a repudiation of its pledges for their personal advantage. But nothing is more certain than that the mercenary crowd forms, indeed, a noisy but only a very small minority of the American people, and that the true youth of America, alive to their ideals of free government and of national honor and greatness, will be foremost in denouncing the outrage committed in their name by the League of Republican Clubs as one of the most disgraceful incidents of the present partisan race for spoils. CARL SCHURZ.



TURKISH CAVALRY OFFICERS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

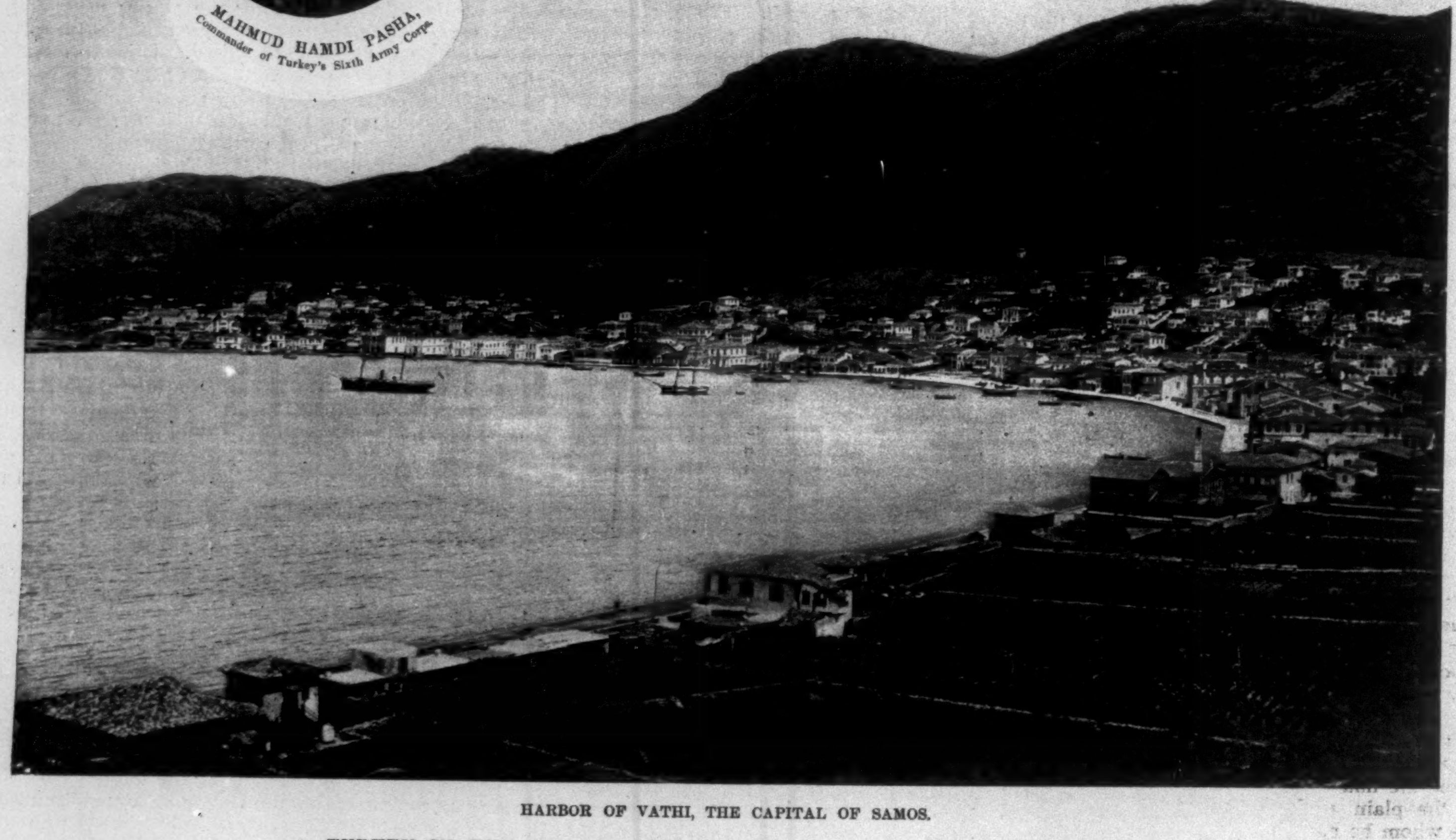
EDHEM PASHA,
Commander of the Turkish Forces at Miluna Pass

Kauli-Kule—Tower of Blood.

THE WATER-FRONT OF SALONICA.

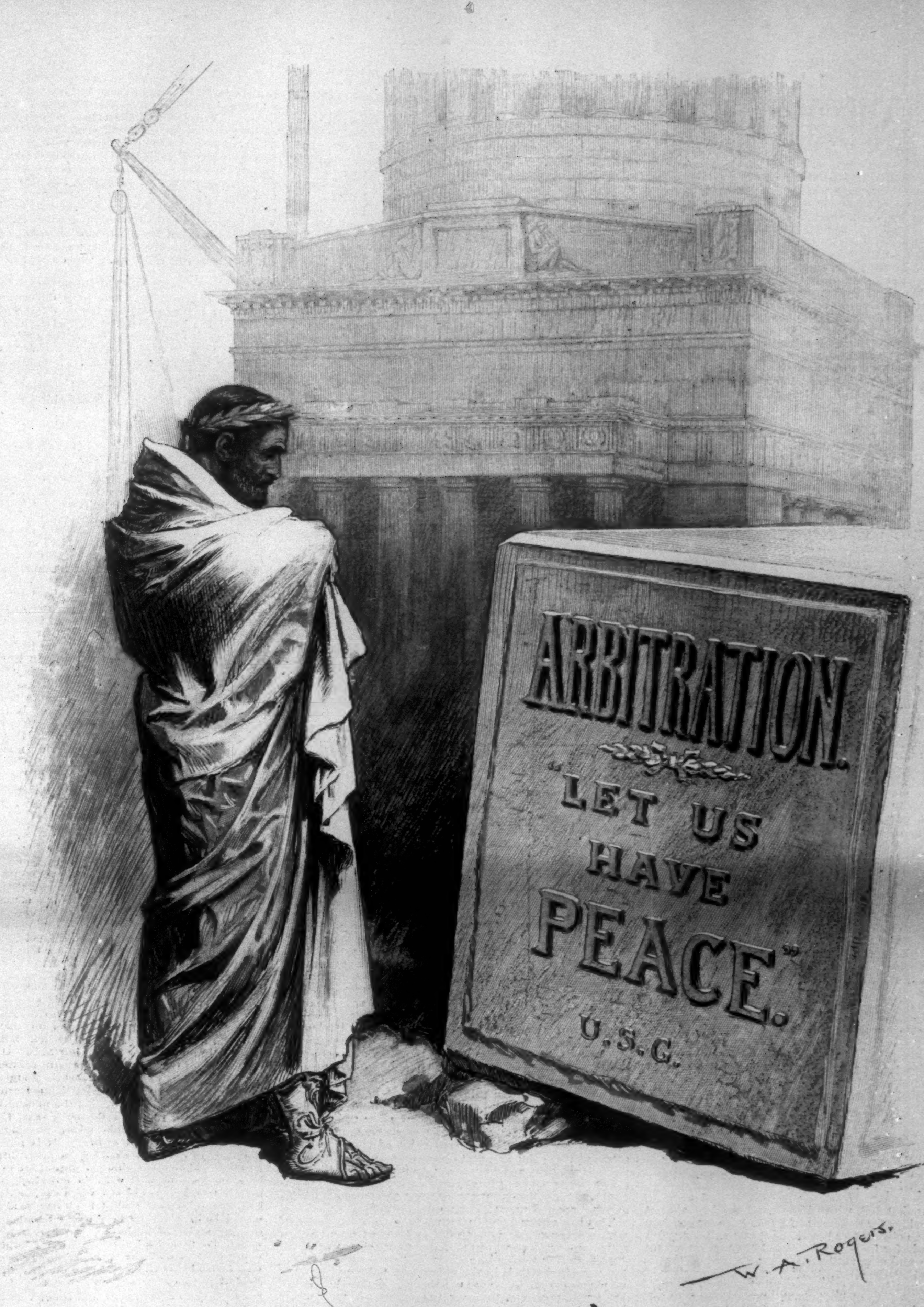
MAHMUD HAMDI PASHA,
Commander of Turkey's Sixth Army Corps.

PALACE OF DOLMABAGHCHI, ON THE BOSPORUS.



HARBOR OF VATHI, THE CAPITAL OF SAMOS.

TURKEY IN THE WAR—PEOPLE AND PLACES OF PRESENT INTEREST.



IN DANGER OF REJECTION.

THE STONE THAT GRANT HIMSELF SELECTED.

SOME OF TURKEY'S VULNERABLE POINTS.

SALONICA, the base of supplies for the Turkish army in Macedonia, is, after Constantinople, the most important city in European Turkey. It lies at the head of the Gulf of Salonica, and is the terminus of a railway connecting with the Servian system at Vrania. According to latest despatches, the eastern squadron of the Greek navy, under the command of Admiral Sahtouris, consisting of four battle-ships and two first-class cruisers, with twenty-five torpedo-boats under the direction of Prince George, is now moving upon Salonica with the object of bombarding it. The object of such an attack would be the hope of forcing the Turks to abandon their attack on Larissa (the loss of which would mean an open road to Volo, and eventually to Athens) in order to defend Salonica. Greek troops are said to have been landed on the Macedonian coast for the purpose of cutting off the railroad communication with the rest of the country; the bombardment of the country is momentarily expected, and the residents are fleeing to the hills, in the belief that the Greek attack is imminent. The city is without any practical means of defence against an attack by sea, and is particularly exposed to a bombardment, as its houses are built tier upon tier on the slope of the hills which rise upon all sides of it. The only signs of fortification are an old ruined citadel perched high on the hills behind, from which an ancient wall winds down on either side of the city to the water-front. At one extremity of the stone quay which stretches along the entire water-front is an old white battlemented Genoese tower surrounded by stone walls, called by the Turks *Kauli-Kule*, or Tower of Blood. This is now occupied by Turkish troops.

The island of Samos, like Crete, is now in a state of revolt against the Turkish rule, and the number of Turkish troops stationed there has been doubled within a few days. There are now sixty thousand inhabitants in Samos—over three times the population it had in 1821, when it revolted against Turkish rule, and for nine years resisted all attempts to subdue it. The Turkish force which is stationed at the barracks in Vathi, on the north coast of the island, is very small, and news of an attack on them by the Samians is daily expected.

It is already argued in London that Greece must retrieve her losses in Thessaly by some such desperate measure as attempting to force the Dardanelles. Should she be successful in doing this and in defeating the Turkish fleet, which is numerically stronger, but not as effective as the modern Greek ships, she could cause great havoc among the beautiful palaces and rich store-houses of Constantinople.

Dolmabaghchi, one of the Sultan's most beautiful palaces, is directly on the water. In fact the Sultan evidently considered it too easy of approach in that way, and established himself in the much smaller but more secluded Yildiz Kiosk, where he can be entirely surrounded by his formidable legions of Turkish cavalry.

April 21, 1897. ROBERT HOWARD RUSSELL.

THIS BUSY WORLD

One of the most triumphant luxuries of recent device is the rubber tire on carriage wheels. A luxury triumphs when its absence betokens antiquity and decay. Even a public cab in New York which has not rubber tires looks ancient and second-rate, and no amount of fresh varnish will make it contemporaneous or restore its standing. The rubber tire is the next best thing to continuous asphalt pavements on streets which carriages frequent. A good deal of nonsense is written and printed about the prospective elimination of the horse from the landscape of cities. It is true that the hoofs of the horse are not well adapted for continuous use on asphalt, and it seems also to be true that nothing better than asphalt has been discovered for paving. If a new species of animal could be invented that was better suited than the horse for hauling carriages on asphalt, the horse might be crowded out. But there is no prospect of the discovery of such a beast. The camel has a foot which would doubtless take good hold of a hard, smooth surface, but camels are not pretty, and a camel hauling a brougham up Fifth Avenue would probably excite derision. Very likely the steam or electric carriage will have some vogue, but it is an ugly vehicle, and probably never can compete in style with the carriage that is hauled by horses.

A reader of the Weekly writes from Virginia to say that as Jamestown Island has been offered for sale, it ought to be bought by the government and turned into a public park. "It is the most historic spot in this country," writes this correspondent. "Every school-child who studies history or geography knows that on May 13, 1607, the first permanent English colony in America was founded at Jamestown. If we can pay thousands of dollars for battle-fields, we certainly ought to pay what is necessary for this spot. There have been many tourists on the island this spring, and the opinion has been universal that the property ought not to belong to an individual, but should be a public reservation. The place could be made into a beautiful park, and could be made to produce revenue enough for its maintenance. The annual celebration is to be held May 13, under the direction of the College of William and Mary of Williamsburg."

A collegiate appointment which is somewhat out of ordinary is that of Mr. Junius S. Morgan as associate librarian of the Princeton University library. Mr. Morgan has been a very liberal benefactor of the library, and has given it books said to be valued at $50,000. He is in business in New York, but will live in Princeton and devote part of his time to the library. The quickening of the affections of New-Yorkers for Princeton and the growing attractiveness of that town as a place of residence are very notable. The intellectuals of the dweller on Manhattan Island tend to become jaded and his liver to grow careless and indifferent, and the combination of intellectuality, repose, good roads, and sport which Princeton is able to offer seems to appeal most successfully to his imagination.

The Western air-ships are still in the air, and have not yet given a convincing demonstration of their existence. It is a month now since they began to hover over the middle West like a newspaper war-cloud. It seems hardly wise to spare them any more attention until they alight somewhere and make affidavit before a county judge.

Billy Birch died last week in a Seventh Avenue garret, aged sixty-six years. He never entirely lost the regard of the great public, to the amusement of which he contributed so freely, but he did lose the capacity to earn money, and he did not succeed in husbanding the money that he earned in his prime. He was prodigiously successful as a negro minstrel, and he and his partners, Wambold and Backus, are said to have made a million dollars in their business. But to be a rich man was evidently not his calling. That is a career by itself, to which some men seem to be born, and which calls for qualities which seem more often to come by birth than by cultivation. They are rare qualities, comparatively rare, though very much more common than those which go to make a negro minstrel of the quality of Billy Birch.

The theatre-hat bill, which has passed the Assembly at Albany, provides for a penalty of five dollars for continuing to wear an obstructive hat at the theatre after request has been made for its removal. The bill has a somewhat jocular tone, and may yet fail to become a law. There is no question that the obstructive theatre hat is a nuisance, but there is much discrepancy of opinion as to the propriety of legislating against it. There are those who feel that it were better to endure many minor plagues than to give legislatures too much encouragement to meddle with the personal concerns of individuals.

Congressman Shattuc, of Ohio, has appointed D. J. Bundy, a colored lad, to a cadetship at the Naval Academy. There have been sighs and expressions of displeasure at the appointment. The Congressman is quoted as saying that it had been intimated to him that if the colored cadet was entered at Annapolis the other cadets would resign, but that he had replied: "Let them resign. The boy earned his appointment fairly, and I'm going to see that he goes to Annapolis and receives fair treatment if it is in my power to do so." It seems that young Bundy did earn his appointment fairly, since he won it in a competition. Bundy himself has been quoted as saying that he feared nothing at Annapolis but physical violence. The examinations he thinks he will be equal to. It ought to be and doubtless is matter of course that the colored cadet will receive perfectly just treatment at Annapolis from instructors and cadets. It seems to be pretty hard work for any lad to go through the Naval Academy. Even if young Bundy is equal to the intellectual labor of it, it will be a greater strain on him than on a white boy, because he will inevitably have to sustain a certain amount of social isolation, which will be a tax on his endurance. He is not likely to be happy under it, and if he bears it and graduates, it will indicate that he is an exceptionally hardy person, or possibly that he is a lad of unusually strong character. If he goes to Annapolis he ought certainly to have just as fair a chance as can be given him, and no doubt he will.

Still, the expediency of sending colored boys either to Annapolis or to West Point seems very questionable. All army and navy officers and all cadets at the army and navy academies live in theory, and to a very large extent in practice, on terms of social equality. But white people and black people do not live on terms of social equality in this country. They enjoy equal political rights, and to some extent equal social rights, but they do not enjoy equal social consideration. Bundy's comrades at Annapolis will not consider him their social equal, and will not treat him as such. They will probably let him alone, and if they do better by him than that it will be because they have kind hearts. If he graduates he will not be welcomed by white officers into the service. Is it wise, then, to start a colored lad in a profession where his preparation must necessarily be painful, and in the practice of which, after he has learned it, he will have peculiar obstacles and embarrassments to contend with? General Shattuc has thought it his duty to do this for young Bundy, but he has not made it clear that his action is either kind or wise. He sends to the academy a lad who at best will have a hard and lonely time there, and who, if he graduates, will be an embarrassment to the service.

A paper called *Dixie*, which is published in Atlanta, Georgia, says that 30,000 negroes have been graduated, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, from colleges for negroes which are supported by Northern money in the South. It also says that there are many thrifty, prosperous negroes everywhere in the South who are doing well; but it declares that very few of these 30,000 college graduates are to be found among them. It says the college graduates find it very hard to make a living, because in trade and in the professions for which higher education might be supposed to fit them they have to contend with race prejudice and to compete with educated white people. It finds that they do not succeed (except in rare cases) as lawyers or doctors, and it thinks it would be "an unspeakable boon" for the Southern negroes if the money that supports colleges for them were devoted to the establishment of industrial training-schools in which they might learn to work to advantage at industries in which they would have a fair chance.

Dixie may be prejudiced, and very possibly it underrates the good that the colleges do, but it speaks very positively, and assumes to know whereof it speaks, and its opinions seem, on the face of them, to be pretty sensible. To fit negroes for professions in which they will surely be greatly handicapped by their color may be excusable on grounds of sentiment, but it certainly seems to lack practical justification. There are excellent chances for colored men in this country, but they are not as yet to be found in the army or navy, and only to a very limited extent in the professions of law and medicine.

In the *Evening Post*, on the day before Easter, appeared an interesting and somewhat elaborate communication from New Haven, signed "Clergyman," the writer whereof discussed the apparent need of "a Society for the Decrease of the Ministry." He declared, in substance, that the ministry was at present an uninviting profession; that the competition for all the livings in it was preposterously sharp; that an unprecedented number of ministers were out of a job and had no prospect of getting one; and that though clever young men fresh from the theological seminaries and unmarried could still find places, their most prosperous days in the ministry were apt to be their younger days. The real pinch comes, according to this writer, with the first gray hairs. Calls come infrequently to men over forty, and to men over fifty very rarely indeed, and any clergyman who, for any reason, lets go of a charge that he happens to have in middle life without having another in prospect is extremely likely not to get another at all, and to face old age without means for his support or the maintenance of his family. The writer disapproves of the system of providing gratuitous education for intending ministers, and thinks (as President Eliot of Harvard does) that it would be better for the ministry and for ministers if theological students were more generally expected to pay for their schooling, as students of law and medicine do. From a business point of view preaching seems to this complainant to be at present a very undesirable occupation, and he warns off all intending theological students whose professional expectations do not include celibacy, the endurance of great risks and hardships, and meagre and uncertain material rewards.

This is a rather dismal picture, as to the faithfulness of which every reader is welcome to form such an opinion as his observations warrant. A later correspondent of the *Post* finds fault with it, calling it "a discordant note," but agreeing with it in the opinion that the ministry has no places for men who are not ready to endure hardships. He avers, however, that for the minister whose whole heart is in his calling there is always employment, a sure spiritual harvest, and workers who will gladly share their portion with him.

It was told in the newspapers last week that a New Jersey clergyman called in a phonograph to his assistance on Easter-Sunday, and that it discoursed Easter music and even Easter prayers from the pulpit, much to the interest of the congregation, and possibly to its edification. If the times demand preachers who have no pressing need of food or clothes, who can be guaranteed not to marry and make themselves liable for the support of families, and who can be promptly and unceremoniously laid on the shelf when they cease to please their congregations, it would seem that a mechanical preacher like the phonograph might be better adapted to meet current demands than a real flesh-and-blood man. The phonograph might be tried. The attention of church officers is respectfully called to it. It is cheap, submissive, accommodating, easily taught, and can change its views to suit the times, or be held to an invariable consistency with any creed. It might prove to lack unction, but one must not expect all these advantages without some drawbacks. It can never compete with the successful ministers who are worthy of hire and receive it; but if it is true that a contrivance is needed for the decrease of the ministry, because the profession does not support its professors, it might answer that end pretty well, and tend ultimately to alleviate suffering and to minimize distress.

It seems doubtful whether the Queen's Jubilee will be more notable as a spectacle or a speculation. The business acumen of the Londoners who control the street front which the procession is to pass has attracted universal attention. There seems to be a chance to make a good thing out of the good Queen for once, and there is no shadow of a disposition to let the chance pass unimproved. It seems that the price of single seats for the show now ranges from $50 up to $100. Speculators have been at great expense in hiring houses and sites for stands, and it is possible that they may lose liberally on their investments. All accounts agree that London expects a Jubilee swarm of Americans with eager eyes and very long pockets, who will pay any price that is asked for advantageous seats. For the time being interest in the speculators and their extortions overshadows the interest in the other features of the show.

It is pleasant that the big Grant parade in New York should be comparatively free from developments of this sort. The happy provision for the fifty-cent stands the length of the route and the long stretch of park lands along one side of it seem to insure the gratification of an immense number of sight-seers at moderate cost, and of thousands more at no cost at all.

Plans are afoot for the establishment of a Yale club in New York, for membership in which all persons shall be qualified who have taken any Yale degree, or who, being twenty-one years old, have been connected for one year as student or instructor with any department of Yale University. Nothing is said as yet about an initiation fee, but the proposed annual dues are twenty dollars for resident members who have been five years out of college, and ten dollars for all others and for non-resident members. This arrangement of dues follows that which has been adopted by the New York Harvard Club. The idea is that membership in clubs of this sort should be brought within easy reach of men just out of college, the usefulness of whose labors in the workaday world has not as yet been recognized by bountiful remuneration.

Tales find their way into print about the solicitude of Sir Julian Pauncefote for such a degree of precedence as he thinks is due to an ambassador of Great Britain. Ambassadors represent the person of their sovereign, and, as most people know, have a good claim to be treated with an extreme degree of consideration. In European courts and capitals, where they are used to them, all questions of ambassadorial precedence have doubtless been carefully threshed out and settled, but it is quite possible that in Washington there is still something to be determined in such matters, and that very pretty chances may arise for disagreement and friction. Sir Julian Pauncefote is an accomplished diplomat and a deserving man, and friends of peace and amity will hope that the sagacity of the State Department and the resources of the republic may prove equal to the satisfaction of his convictions as to what is due to him and to his diplomatic peers.

Work is about to begin on a new million-dollar wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park. The wing will extend along Fifth Avenue, and the front on that side will be of Indiana limestone. As the present museum is built of brick, this use of stone seems to involve a change of material, but it seems that the plans for the completed museum provide for a stone front on all sides, and a final exterior which shall present a totally different appearance from the portion already built. If the building is ever finished according to the plans, that part of it which is already built and in use will be enclosed and concealed, and will form a small part only of an immense and very beautiful building.

Speaker Reed is an advocate of the plan for remodelling the Hall of Representatives so that the members of the House may be brought much closer together and grouped in much less space. The plan, which is discussed from time to time whenever something draws attention to the clumsiness of the House as at present arranged, is to clear out the members' desks, and to seat the members on benches as members of the English Parliament are seated. Mr. Reed, it seems, would partition the present hall into three parts, giving a room for the sittings of the House, and new rooms on each side where members could read, write, talk, and receive visitors. It is admitted that for purposes of debate it would be a great advantage if the House could be made a more compact body; but the members are loath to part with their desks, and it is argued that if members could not write during the session, and had no employment except to sit on a bench and listen, it would be harder than ever to get together a quorum for the transaction of business. Mr. Reed's remedy for that would be to amend the provision of the Constitution which makes a majority of the House a quorum, and to provide instead that some arbitrary number, fifty or one hundred, shall be a quorum. Such a change, however, would not be easy to bring about, and is not very hopefully suggested.

It is told of Mr. Dingley, the unfortunate gentleman whose name promises to be linked to an abnormally bad tariff bill, that he never has to pay the least attention to primaries or delegates in his district, but that every two years he is renominated by acclamation in a district in which the Republican nominee is always elected. They have an admirable habit down in Maine of keeping their Senators and Congressmen at Washington as long as they continue efficient. Mr. Dingley, after serving his people at home as editor of the Lewiston *Journal*, as member of the State Legislature, and as Governor of Maine, went to Congress in 1881, and has continued in Congress ever since. Mr. Milliken, who died very lately in Washington of pneumonia, had just begun his eighth term in the House, and Speaker Reed has been sent back eleven times. Of course continuance in office is more practicable in States which are strongly Republican or strongly Democratic, but that is not the only consideration, and some States—New York, for instance—seem much more disposed than others to be represented by green hands.

Mr. Dingley is said to have been first scholar in his class (1855) at Dartmouth, and has been a diligent student ever since. He ought to know his business as a law-maker, and possibly, if he were free to devise the best tariff he could, he might work out a Dingley bill that would do him some credit.

E. S. Martin.

THE OBELISK AT SUNRISE.

A SUN-TIPPED spire that, when the night is done,
Points upward to the quiet morning blue,
Afar from scenes and faces once it knew—
'Mid jarring echoes of the waking town.
And yet at night the same old stars look down,
While morning brings its ancient friend—the sun.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MR. DALY'S REVIVAL OF "THE TEMPEST."

IT was during the sixth year of the reign of His Pedantic Majesty King James the First that the Adventurers and Company of Virginia sent from England a fleet of ships "to supply and make strong the Colony of Virginia." After being at sea for many days, they were surprised with a most extreme violent storm, and the greatest ship, the *Admiral*, fell to leaking so that mariners and passengers were forced for three days' space to keep up a constant pumping and casting out of water by buckets and such means. In the thick of their plight Sir George Sommers, the admiral, desperate of relief, and looking every minute for the ship to split, of a sudden espied land. This was that dreadful coast of the Bermudas which was of all nations supposed to be enchanted and inhabited by witches, wherefore it had come to be known as the island of divels. This opinion grew by reason of the monster thunder-storms and tempests near unto these islands; also for that the whole coast is so wondrous dangerous of rocks that few can approach but with unspeakable hazard of shipwreck. It was here, then, that the fleet of Sir George Sommers was destroyed. When the news of this grievous happening reached England, through the account of one Sylvester Jourdan, a sailor, Master Will Shakespeare, the player and writer of plays, had come up from London to Stratford, where in his newly bought home, New Place yclept, he was taking a little ease from the worriments of scribbling and of ordering a theatre wherein the players, after their kind, kept up a pestilent bickering among themselves. The thought of the wreck upon the island of divels was uppermost in Master Shakespeare's mind when word came from Dick Burbage, in London, that a new play was sorely needed for the company of Blackfriars'. "Prithee, Will"—so wrote Burbage—"prithee let it be a comedie, for the groundlings seem not in mood for bloodshed. Put musick in it, and a masque. The publick is in humour not so much for thy poesie as for motley and raree shows." So Master Will, after some rating of Fortune that she would not give his fancy rest, bethought him of the wreck, and likewise, perchance, of a certain old romance out of the Italian concerning an enchanter and his daughter. With these matters he writ this same play *The Tempest*, wherein the sprite Ariel speaks plainly of the "still-vex'd Bermoothes," clearly having in mind the fierce storm which wrecked the Adventurers' fleet. So this, it may be conjectured, was the time and the manner of the writing of *The Tempest*.

There is another circumstance which indicates that *The Tempest* was one of the later plays. The ideas in Gonzalo's principal speech are derived from Montaigne, and Florio's Montaigne did not appear till 1603. Shakespeare might have read Montaigne in French a score of years earlier, but it is unlikely that he did so. There is, however, some authority for the theory that *The Tempest* was written before 1599, and was first given to the public with the title *Love's Labor Won*. The date of the production of *The Tempest* is an interesting feature of the vexed question of Shakespearian chronology, for the reason that some of the commentators fancy that the play was the ultimate and supreme effort of the poet's genius. They have seen more "criticism of life" in this play than it is given to finite eyes to see, and they have even imagined that Prospero is a portrait of Shakespeare by himself, and that his abjuration of his wand and book was his farewell to poetry and the stage. There is little internal evidence to indicate that the play was a work of that inspiration which comes of retirement and contemplation. The poetic passages that represent Shakespeare at his best are comparatively few in this play. "The cloud-capped towers" speech is the finest. This is serenely beautiful, but it stands almost alone in *The Tempest* as an example of the sublime. There is a reposeful grandeur in the conception of Prospero and Miranda; the love episode is delightful in fancy, and the characters of Caliban and Ariel are most happily conceived and contrasted. Miranda is a gracious young person, certainly, but compared with the other maidens of Shakespeare she is colorless. Ferdinand is a fine young fellow, but rather commonplace withal. Caliban is an extraordinary creation, full of suggestive symbolism, typical of the hateful side of human nature, like Swift's Yahoos. Ariel is the charm of *The Tempest*. It is Ariel who gives the play most of its supernaturalism, and leads us to the belief that we are in the land of faerie. The very name of the sprite is an inspiration. Without mischief, he is as merry as Puck, and the more sympathetic because he serves in bondage.

After witnessing Mr. Daly's presentation of *The Tempest*, the impression that remains is that the eye has been pleased with pictures, not that the mind has been stimulated by poetry. Indeed it could hardly fail to be so. *The Tempest* is a pictorial play; painters have found excellent subjects in its scenes. It is a musical play too; composers have found it a fruitful source of inspiration. In Mr. Daly's revival the music and the pictures are "the thing." It cannot be said that it is the play or the acting. Whatever merit there is in the interpretation seems to be due to the guidance and supervision of the master-craftsman, Mr. Daly himself. Miss McIntosh, for example, speaks the lines of Miranda trippingly as they have been pronounced to her. She has no individuality whatever, and her singing is only a slight contribution. Mr. Clark as Prospero is a fair sample of a capital all-around actor playing a part unsuited to him, because there is no one else in the company who could play it so well. He lacks majesty: of course he does, or he could not play Dazzle or Colonel Britton so well. It is singular, perhaps, but the characterization most satisfactory is the Ariel of Miss Earle. This young actress was until recently a comic-opera soubrette, yet her Ariel is not only a captivating sprite, but she "does her spriting gently" in a truly Shakespearian fashion. It happens that she and the character are happily mated, which cannot be said of all the other combinations in the cast. She contrives to impart the impression of airiness and buoyancy, her enunciation is delightfully clear and distinct, and her poses are most graceful. What can an actor do with a part like Caliban? A man who can give the monster any reality, make him forceful, and keep him from being grotesque, is a great actor. Mr. Power succeeds tolerably well with this difficult rôle. But actors may well agree with Miranda, and say of Caliban, "'Tis a villain I do not love to look on." William Griffiths is the Stephano, and Herbert Gresham the Trinculo. Hazlitt has the temerity to confess that he does not like the fooling of this precious pair with Caliban. Two of them, lying side by side on the ground, are mistaken by the other for a double-headed and four-footed monster of the island, and he proceeds to allay the thirst of the monster's two mouths with strong waters. This is fine old Elizabethan drollery, and it was wont, no doubt, to set the groundlings in a roar in the day when theatre-goers pelted each other with oranges and apples. There is a rude primeval laughter in it; but it was such scenes that moved Voltaire and his disciples to cry out upon Shakespeare for a barbarian, and to declare that his humor was that of a drunken savage trying to be witty. Shakespeare's humor is usually philosophical; but the antics of Trinculo, Stephano, and Caliban come very near to being Jacobean horse-play. Mr. Daly has given *The Tempest* a sumptuous stage environment. The scenes are effective in creating an illusion and preparing the mind for the enchantment and unreality of the play. The masque is one of the most artistic and beautiful pictures ever shown on the stage. There is nothing garish about it; all is in quiet colors and tinted lights. In this masque the lines of Iris, spoken from the car by Miss Rutter, are given a particular charm by the mellow beauty of her voice. Ariel's comrade sprites are a pretty choregraphic feature; and even the "divers" spirits with the shapes of hounds" perform their "mops and mowes" without being nearly as ridiculous as the *Siegfried* dragon. The unusual feature of the representation is the success with which all the elements combine to transport the spectator to the island of enchantment; he breathes the air of fairyland. Prospero's wand, which made Ferdinand's sword drop useless, spellbinds the imagination and leads one to "a land where it is always afternoon." In the accomplishment of stage illusion Mr. Daly is an absolute master, a veritable Prospero with book and staff. Now that the time of year is at hand when our only manager who is an artist takes his company oversea, the play-goers of America, who owe him much, can do no less than wish him, in the words of Prospero, "calm seas, auspicious gales, and expeditious sail."

HARRY B. SMITH.

MATERIAL FOR A POEM.

FLOGGING mulish thought to make it budge, a party of men, half acquainted with one another, were talking with constraint. It was a smoking party, and the youngest man had amused the others by giving an exhibition of his skill in blowing rings of tobacco smoke from his mouth. He was an adept, but no doubt the others were principally attentive to such facial contortions as the show required. The air must be still; they must not speak or laugh, for that would blow the rings into nothing—into the general fog—in an instant.

The scene is not worth dwelling upon; it is mentioned in order to introduce a bit of the talk that came afterwards. Mr. Taswell Langdon let his cigar go out while he spoke about the new theory of ether rings; and because the theory was new he felt himself amply justified in explaining it to the unscientific guests. He said that any one who was at all interested in the new theory of ether rings ought to make a few experiments on his own account. The apparatus required for this purpose was very simple—a small box, one end of cloth, and the opposite end perforated with a round hole or two. A saucer containing strong ammonia water and another with strong hydrochloric acid may be set inside, and dense fumes will fill the box. If the cloth be struck by the hand, rings will issue from the perforated side of the box, and with a little practice one can make these rings perform strange antics in the air of a close room. They may be made to move away from the box at different rates of speed, so that they collide, when one ring will contract, pass through another, and then resume its original size. They will attract and recoil from one another, every ring having its own individual character, its affinities, its likes and dislikes; and each ring may resolve itself into an uncounted number of smaller rings, some of which will resemble others in their size and rapidity of motion—that is, in the amount of whirling force they contain.

Now these rings soon disappear, for the whirling motion about the circumference of each circle is steadily diminished by the friction of the atmosphere; but if such motion were set up in a frictionless medium it would never cease—the rings would be permanent. Assuming for the purpose of this theory, as it has been assumed for so many other theories, the existence of a frictionless "ether," you are at liberty to say that such motion, being once set up in ether, would be permanent. Ether rings would tend to gather themselves together into groups, according to the degree of rapidity in their rotary motion; groups composed of rings having this rotary motion in a higher degree would oppose a higher degree of resistance to other groups of less forceful ether rings; they would be comparatively difficult to penetrate, and they would probably draw together more intimately, more compactly, and would be more strongly drawn towards the other groups of ether rings, and towards the centre of force in the entire mass of groups. That is equivalent to saying that such groups of ether rings would have those qualities, would present those phenomena, which in the material universe we know as solidity and weight.

You may easily proceed to build out the analogue as far as you like, and you will find that all the phenomena of the physical universe would have their counterparts, and that a single ether ring (obeying its tendency to subdivide into an indefinite number of smaller rings, which smaller rings should still further produce their like, attracting, repelling, combining, separating) might theoretically excite precisely those sensations and produce those effects by which we know solids, liquids, and gases. It is but a step in advance to say that the sensations by which we are convinced of the existence of material *have* been so excited. It seems a very long step, because the suggestion is new and unfamiliar; but think a moment. Suppose we hadn't been used to believing that there are about seventy separate substances composing the entire universe, and that hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and the rest of these simples make up the lands, the seas, the air, the living creatures, the nerves that thrill when friend's hand touches friend's hand. If we had not been brought up in that belief, wouldn't it be easier for us to believe in one impulse, set up in one medium, than in trumpery, stockish "elements"—about seventy of them—dead things in themselves, that you have to imagine brought together and held together by forces that are not of themselves? It is perhaps easier to assume one medium and one initial impulse as the source of the universe and the source of all life in the universe; the old familiar theory is perhaps about seventy times as hard to accept.

Mr. Taswell Langdon spoke at his ease upon this theme, but with many interruptions from his audience, all of whom became more or less interested. And the obvious suggestions were made, such as these: There is no such thing as dead, stockish, unresponsive matter. The blow you strike with your heel upon the pavement at each step sends a thrill to the outposts of space; and the voyaging force never rests, but becomes a part of the universal activity—so that it even helps to keep the sun warm, and, returning, shed from the sun, in future ages may disintegrate that very pavement by a power that seems widely destructive, until it begins to cherish the fine life of flowers at the very same spot; and the force that slays, being an indestructible force, will again give life and sustain life—yet still again will slay; and the murderous stroke is compact of a myriad caresses; and the iron blade in the assassin's hand is itself but a more united mass of kindred whirling forces, sprung from the same creative impulse that made also the cringing flesh of the victim; and finally, in the heavens and on the earth there is not so much as one grain of inert matter, but all is force—is life—is *one* life.

Such suggestions were made by the minority, while the majority protested; and a contest set in, with the new theory of ether rings for its subject, that made the men forget they had recently been flogging mulish thought to make it budge. Thought became an eager thoroughbred, quivering with superabundant vitality; one felt that the speakers had a quieting hand upon the bridle, as one guides a champion racer, letting him make his record, and fearful only lest he should run away.

Rugged, condensed, quaint, making an image on the mind like one of William Blake's pictures, was Mr. Langdon's saying:

"God made an ether ring, and it divided and became the universe, with the perfume of God's breath in it—one large ring being the Milky Way, and many smaller rings drawing together to form the earth.

"And God held His hand before His face, lest His breathing should scatter the vortex-rings that formed the universe—which hovered in the still space between His shoulders and His knee. His knee was drawn up toward His breast.

"Fortunately during that brief moment in God's life which is the whole time of the existence of this universe God watched the formation of worlds, and the performance of creatures upon the worlds, with quiet interest only. If God should laugh—if men should take themselves too seriously, and the absurdity of their tiny pranks should make God take away His hand and laugh, His laughter would blow our universe into nothing—like a smoke-ring."

MARRION WILCOX.

FOREIGN NOTES.

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF SPAIN.

SEÑOR CÁNOVAS, the present Prime Minister of Spain, is a handsome and thoughtful-looking man, apparently about fifty odd years of age. I was struck by his resemblance to the German home minister, Herr von Boetticher, and for that matter both are abused with equal zeal by press and people.

It was a bad time that I had chosen for visiting Spain, and when Viscount de Irneste wrote me that Señor Cánovas was to give me an audience, I suspected that it would be a curt and cold one if it ever came off. The American papers had been, ever since the outbreak of rebellion in Cuba, accusing the Spanish government not merely of cruelty in the treatment of her colonists, but described Spanish public men as universally corrupt. Senators and members of Congress had vied with outside enthusiasts in denouncing Spain and Spaniards, while at the same time urging the President to recognize the belligerent right of Cuban insurgents. Filibustering was treated as a highly respectable occupation, and in short, from the Spanish point of view, Americans seemed wholly to have forgotten the lesson of the great slavery war in their eagerness to pick a quarrel with the government of Madrid.

Mr. Cánovas greeted me courteously, gave me his hand, and apparently concluding from what I said that I cherished no worse motive than a desire to learn of him, he soon treated me to a most interesting discussion, which lasted an hour—and he is a rapid speaker.

"The Cuban war," said he, "cannot last long now. It is virtually at an end. The late insurgent chief Maceo exercised personal influence over the negroes from the fact that he was himself a mulatto. But if Cuba is left to herself there will at once break out a war of races, for white and black are almost equally divided, and the whites are not disposed of themselves to grant equal rights to the people of color. Hitherto Maceo was able to make the negroes believe that they were to receive equal political rights as the price of their devotion to the cause of revolution. And aside from this, the negro, who is not by nature disposed to hard work, was easily induced by Maceo to shoulder a musket and go foraging about the country in the disguise of a soldier. I do not believe that Cuba is ripe for a republican independence. She has too large a black population, and the white population has not those traditions of self-government which make republicanism natural to Anglo-Saxons. When the United States became independent she had a large white popula-

tion ready to carry on Parliamentary government, with every safeguard for law as well as liberty. In Cuba this is not the case, and it is the duty of Spain to protect equally the rights of black as well as white in that island."

I asked Mr. Cánovas if he was confident of his power to carry out the reforms as to which the United States felt so much interest.

"Certainly," answered the Prime Minister. "The government has given its pledge, and Cuba will have everything which a republic could desire, short of separation from the mother-country. She has now liberty of the press and liberty of speech as complete as we have in Spain; and, as you know, here in Spain the papers have a license as unbridled as in America."

Here he indulged in a smile, for we had been previously discussing the influence exercised in both countries by writers in Jingo newspapers.

"What we must work for is peace, in order that we may develop commercial relations. Cuba will soon see that Spain gives her better guarantees in the line of her commercial interests than any revolutionary government which might succeed in separating her from the mother-country."

I ventured to remind the Prime Minister that I had occasionally heard complaints as to the officials sent out by the mother-country to administer Cuban affairs. Mr. Cánovas said that these charges were for the most part unfounded, that Cuba had full representation in the Imperial Congress at Madrid, and that no such charges were brought forward by the men whom the people elected for just such a purpose.

As the Spanish government had just responded with signal alacrity to the invitation sent from New York to be represented at the dedication of General Grant's monument, I could not fail to remark upon this friendly act, and to assure Mr. Cánovas that my fellow-countrymen would share my gratification.

"We Spaniards have no unfriendly feeling towards the United States," said he, energetically. "Our diplomatic relations are filled with pleasant recollections. We recall gratefully the memory of Washington Irving, who wrote the life of Columbus; Prescott, who first enriched history by telling the world how we conquered Mexico and Peru. It was your Longfellow and your James Russell Lowell who made our poetry familiar to Americans. The best history of Spanish literature is by the American Ticknor; and the new ambassador whom you have sent to England has written eloquently and sympathetically of my country."

This reference to John Hay and his *Castilian Days* led us to speak of the future of Spanish diplomatic relations with the United States, on which subject I do not feel at liberty to quote Mr. Cánovas, though I draw my own conclusions from one or two things which he did not say.

For instance, the present minister to Spain, Mr. Hannis Taylor, of Alabama, came to his post without a knowledge either of Spanish or French. The Prime Minister could not but express polite regret that so great a nation as the United States, with such vast political and commercial interests with Spain and Spanish-American countries, should send to represent these interests a gentleman with whom it was out of his power to converse intelligibly. Mr. Taylor is known to students as the author of a book on the English Constitution, and to that extent he would have been a most useful diplomatic representative at the Court of St. James. Certainly his constitutional studies have not enabled him so far to converse with a Spaniard in any language but the vernacular of America. On the other hand, there would have been obvious fitness in sending to Madrid so accomplished a Spanish scholar and diplomatist as John Hay, particularly at a time when more than usual tact is demanded in the treatment of a multiplicity of small questions, each in itself insignificant if handled with discretion.

There is supposed to be a secretary to the American legation in Madrid, but the minister could not tell me his whereabouts. However, as this secretary is not credited with a knowledge of Spanish, his loss is relatively small.

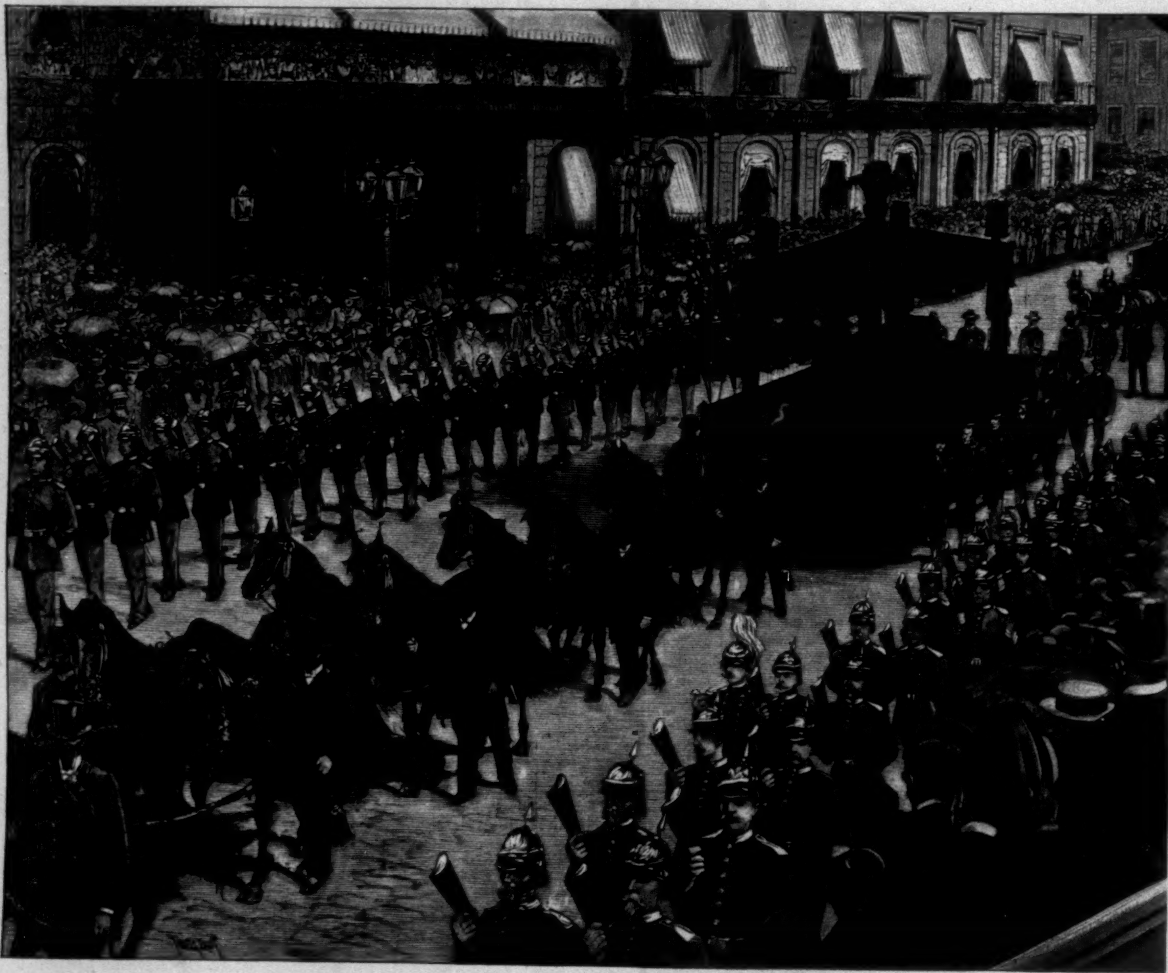
Mr. Cánovas told me that such was his zeal to show every mark of friendship towards the United States that he had ordered a man-of-war to steam to New York without a moment's loss of time, and he even said that the ship should not coal at the Spanish islands of the Canaries, but stop instead for that purpose at the Portuguese Madeiras, which lie a trifle closer to the straight line to New York. He hoped most devoutly that this message of good-will would serve the purpose intended, and that the legation at Madrid would soon become an embassy. Nothing should be wanting, at least on his side, to the accomplishment of so gratifying an evidence of international harmony. Of course he did not make a statement for publication on this subject, but I am sure that it was in his heart to hope that when next we send an ambassador to Spain it will be one able to converse in French if not in Spanish.

The conversation of Mr. Cánovas was so rich in suggestion, so frank, at least to my unsophisticated mind, and at the same time carried on with so much rapidity, that I had barely an opportunity to note that this office of the chief Spanish Secretary of State was furnished in all the splendor of a museum of painting, as well as the elegance of a nobleman's palace. I have never heard Mr. Cánovas in public, but am prepared to believe that he is a master of debate, for he has a rare gift of framing his ideas with rapidity, and uttering them with force, distinctness, and most agreeable musical cadence. On the walls about us, as well as in the anterooms and halls through which I was conducted, were masterpieces of modern and ancient paintings, though, of them all, the one that remains most vividly in my mind is a scene from the Spanish War of Independence, that is to say, the insurrection against French domination in 1808. Spanish peasants are attacking and routing French regulars in a manner to delight those who believe that a country is invincible when every man in it is willing to fight for his liberty.

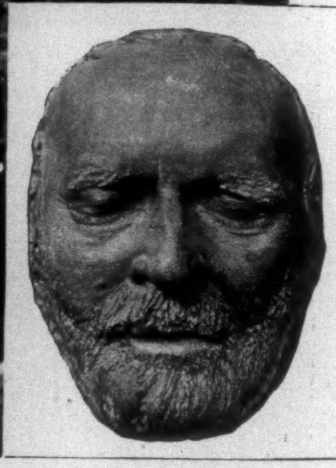
Señor Cánovas is only fifty in appearance, but a friend of his, who subsequently told me about his earlier years, assured me that he was born in 1830, and that he is therefore now sixty-six years of age. He was born in the stormy year 1830, and before he was twenty-four years of age he had completed his legal studies in Madrid, had been sent to represent his native town of Malaga in the popular Congress, had acted as Minister of the Interior, and during the Crimean war, in 1854, he was already Chargé d'Affaires in Rome, and prepared the so-called Concordat between Spain and the Holy See. In rapid succession he filled important posts, and it was he who in 1865 presented the law for the abolition of slavery in the Spanish colonies. The business of the state has been his most absorbing occupation, and the mere enumeration of the variety of governmental trusts which he has held from the beginning of his public life down to this year marks him as a strong and versatile character. In the midst of it all he has found time, like a Spanish Gladstone, to contribute a valuable share to the historic and philosophic literature of the day, and in 1867 he was honored by an election to the Spanish Academy. Such a man makes many enemies.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

REMOVING THE REMAINS OF GENERAL GRANT FROM THE TEMPORARY TOMB TO THE NEW MAUSOLEUM, APRIL 17, 1897.



THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GRANT, AUGUST 8, 1885—THE PROCESSION PASSING UP FIFTH AVENUE.



DEATH-MASK OF GENERAL GRANT.
From Laurence Hutton's *Portraits in Plaster*.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE superb mausoleum on Riverside Drive, New York, which will be dedicated with such pomp and ceremony on April 27, will memorialize to future generations a career not less significant and suggestive than that other tomb at Springfield, Illinois, where rests the dust of the King of American Commoners.

When Governor Yates, of Illinois, utilized the services of the reticent, quiet-looking man who had come down to Springfield from Galena in the spring of 1861, anxious to make himself valuable in almost any capacity, that brilliant war Governor, whose eloquence had made him famous, probably saw but little at first in his new helper in administrative work at the State camp to make him suspect what a marvellous career the mills of the gods were about to grind out. Captain Ulysses Simpson Grant, for such had been his rank when he resigned from the regular army in 1854, after the ten years' service following his graduation at West Point, was plain and unostentatious in his bearing. The singular indifference to appearance which made him, when commanding the armies of the nation in the field, ride about in a soldier's blue blouse, with scarcely any insignia of rank, seems always to have been characteristic. In Grant's *Personal Memoirs* he refers to the farmerlike plainness of General Zachary Taylor in comparison with the spick-and-span splendor of General Scott in words of affectionate admiration; and one can perceive the force of personal sympathy in it. This directness and simplicity of character, the impulse for being rather than seeming, made his dominant note of temperament, which has been finely called "the atmosphere of genius."

But Governor Yates knew that Grant had been a regular officer with a fine military record in the Mexican war, and he speedily found that his unpretentious assistant in licking the raw State troops into shape had a marvellous knack in doing the very best work, while saying very little himself, and, still more important, in getting it done by others. Captain Grant had offered his services to the government at Washington, and modestly suggested that he thought he was fit to lead a regiment—this great soldier, who three years later was destined to be the supreme chief of half a million veteran fighting men, and the victor in one of the greatest campaigns of military history! But the government, in its whirligig of anxieties, was deaf to such appeals, and the applicant was glad to accept from the Governor of his State the command of the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, and so shortly took the field.

How fast history was made in those days it is unnecessary to recount. Amidst the blunders and follies which crowded thickly on one another at the outset, Grant's prescience and sagacity distinguished his work above that of others. Quickly promoted to Brigadier and to Major General, his victories were the beacon-lights which cheered the nation. Recognizing the importance of piercing the enemy's long line, he sought and obtained permission to secure possession of the Tennessee River. With the cooperation of Flag-Officer Foote, commanding a small fleet of gunboats, he compelled the surrender of Forts Henry and Donelson. His message, in answer to the Confederate General Buckner's request for a parley, demanding "unconditional surrender," and ending with the stern threat, "I propose to move immediately upon your works," rang through the country like a trumpet-blast and cheered myriads of doubting hearts.

That his brilliant success in this important strategic operation inspired jealousy among some of his superiors is certain, and it culminated in such bickerings that General Grant asked to be relieved. But his value had begun to be recognized at Washington, and the difficulty was patched up, with the redeeming compliment that he was assigned to lead the Southern advance of the army which resulted in the bloody battle of Pittsburg Landing. The imminence of defeat consequent on the Confederate Gen-

WIFE OF GENERAL GRANT.

eral Albert Sidney Johnston's audacious surprise was transformed by Grant's stubborn coolness and Sherman's hard fighting into an effective resistance, which the arrival of re-enforcements made a Union victory. The nearness of disaster on this occasion perhaps helped greatly to the evolution of General Grant's military genius in sharpening that acumen and vigilance which ever afterwards shone in his military operations. It also made General Halleck, the chief in command of the armies, who was a sceptic about all military skill except his own, so doubtful of his subordinate's capacity that he took command in person, but with insignificant results. Grant's magnificent successes, however, at Iuka and about Corinth in the autumn of 1862 speedily removed this slight cloud, for they were the first practical steps which led to the control of the Mississippi River. Three months more gave him complete command of the west bank to a point opposite Vicksburg, and then began that series of strategic operations which made General Grant the most notable of Federal commanders in the eyes of the government and of the nation. He had already shown that his fundamental idea of war was that of incessant hard hitting. To this he now added the display of that larger military genius which we associate with the Napoleonic type. Throwing his army across the river, he struck General Joseph E. Johnston, who commanded the Confederate forces covering Vicksburg, with crushing force, annihilated his power, and after several sharp engagements reached a point of vantage whereby he held Vicksburg in a grasp of iron, forcing General Pemberton to surrender the finest Confederate army in the West after a six weeks' siege. This great achievement went far toward paralyzing the whole Western half of the Confederacy, for it severed the spinal cord. Those early days of July, 1863, witnessed the turning-points on which the outcome of the war proved to hinge—the capture of Vicksburg, and the victory of Gettysburg in the East. General Grant's military fame now shot swiftly toward its zenith. With the brilliant victories at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, he came to be universally recognized as the one supreme chieftain to direct the whole plan of military operations.

That General Lee clearly saw he had a new force to deal with when General Grant was made Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief, with headquarters facing the great Confederate soldier in the field, is proved by his changes of strategy. In dealing with other Union generals Lee had been swift to assume the offensive. In his grapple with Grant during the sanguinary campaign of 1864–5 he kept the strict defensive, holding himself behind almost impregnable breastworks, while his opponent launched the Federal army at him in a succession of tremendous hammer-strokes. The sentence in one of Grant's despatches, "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," embodied the whole spirit of his campaign. He meant to make that the death-struggle of the Confederacy. Finding that Lee's defensive positions, taken with masterly skill, baffled successful assault, he flanked them by a series of rapid movements which have won the admiration of all military authorities. The Federal losses during this campaign reached a very high ratio, but the commander who in a crowning emergency does not use his tools with lavish and unsparing hand falls below the true mastery of his dreadful art. It was indubitable, too, that the Confederates could less afford to lose one man than their opponents triple the number. To end the war as soon as possible was genuine mercy, both to the army and to the country. On this purpose General Grant kept an inflexible grip. How he finally achieved it by throwing his army across the James River, investing Petersburg, and cutting all the lines of supply and communication necessary to the beleaguered army and capital, and gradually contracting about his prey in a series of bloody but successful battles, need not be rehearsed afresh; nor how the unique campaign under Sherman in Georgia, known as "The March to the Sea," and that of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, were made to contribute to his colossal scheme with the prevision of a great captain. From the time when he invested Petersburg, Appomattox was clearly in sight, the last link in a swiftly shortening chain. Justly proud as such men as Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas were of the superb rôles which they played in the latter days of the war-drama, all frankly acknowledged that it was General Grant's directing mind and purpose which co-ordinated their work to the final result. Yet in serving that end each army commander had ample field to use all the resources of brilliant generalship. General Grant had the crowning gift of knowing how to choose his lieutenants, and how to leave them such elbow-room that each could exercise his specific gifts to the best advantage without essentially deviating from the lines of grand strategy laid down for him.

It was inevitable that General Grant, who, after the death of Abraham Lincoln, was the overshadowing personality in the public eye, should be also honored with the most exalted civic dignity. This was accordant with our precedents. In periods of great political and partisan ferment specific fitness, training, and experience in the art of government drop out of sight as elements in the Presidential candidature. Harrison and Taylor had been in a small way successful soldiers. To this alone they owed their nominations. General Grant had been the shining figure in one of the greatest wars of history. He had evinced magnificent gifts of administration as a soldier. His character had a Roman dignity, simplicity, and integrity. During the Johnson administration his conduct under trying conditions had been marked by an admirable blending of tact and firmness. Since the days of Washington no nomination of a military man to the Presidency had been so fully the ripe fruit of conviction as well as of popular clamor. That General Grant, whose official training had been that of an army chief, should have sometimes betrayed his preference for the methods of the Adjutant-General's office in civic administration; that his talent of selection, which had been almost unerring in his assignments of military command, should often have been so fallible in civic appointment—these flaws are no matter of marvel. They should rather fasten the attention by force of contrast on the luminous sagacity and largeness of outlook which informed so much of his Presidential policy. The odium which his political enemies sought to fix on him in connection with much of the injudicious legislation of the reconstruction period is known now to have been due to hasty judgment. There is every reason to believe that President Grant, could he have followed his personal convictions, would have rather leaned toward the policy foreshadowed by Lincoln, just before his terrible taking off, rather than to that marshalled by Sumner and Morton and Stevens. That clemency, also the part of the larger wisdom, which made the conditions of the Appomattox surrender fall like some sweet benison of smile and sunlight on the shattered South, was far more to his taste. But the system of reconstruction inaugurated before Grant was fairly in the political saddle, the dictation of the party of which he was the official leader, and the fierce passion of reaction in the South left the President but little choice.

Both the nominations of General Grant for the Presidency, which were followed by election, were by acclamation, something before and since unknown in our history. His eight years' service covered a period of speculation, corruption, and extravagance in the political and social tendencies of the American people which was in many respects unique. The tremendous development of wealth after the war was a phenomenon which has often excited the discussion of economists. A large wealthy class was created, which had made its millions by the most unscrupulous speculation. The civil war, an era of the most lavish extravagance, had exerted a reflex influence on the people, and on the governments of the nation, of the States, and of the large cities. An inflated currency, which constantly shifted values, put all prices and monetary transactions on a fluctuating basis. The times furnished an unequalled opportunity for political and financial rascality. The infamous Tweed Ring in New York was paralleled in a smaller way in most of the large cities of the land. The judiciary, for the first time in our history, consented to become the paid instrument of colossal swindlers in the game of railway speculation. Under the malign influences of the period flourished the notorious Whiskey Ring of distillers and government officials, the Star Route post-office swindles, and various other ramifications of corruption, which seemed to have burrowed among all the departments of government.

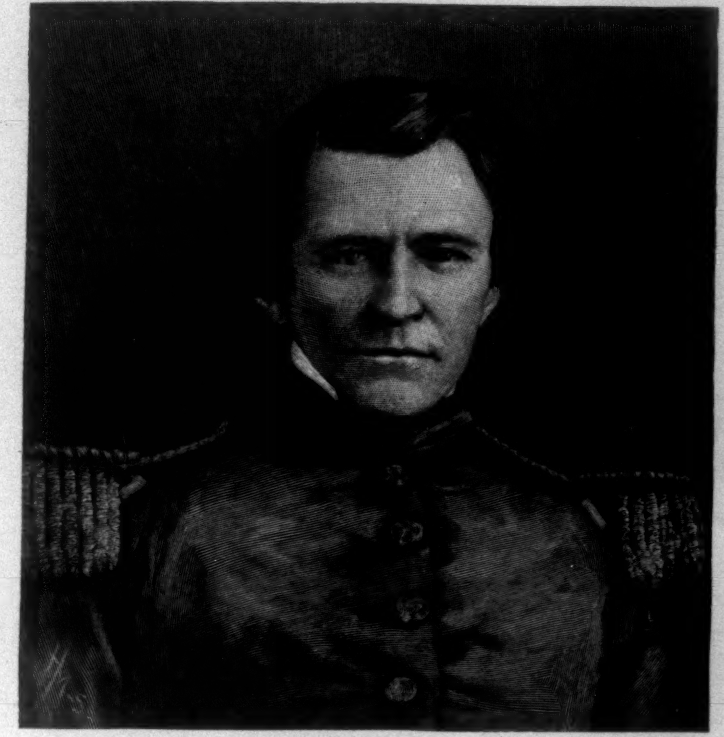
To repress these subtle influences and to give the best effect to the reactionary forces which were struggling against them, General Grant was fitted neither by nature nor training. Himself a man of loyal, frank, and simple character, guileless himself and suspecting no guile in others, his public training had been that of an army officer, his dealings with army officers, and the ideal of life familiar to him was that of the most scrupulous integrity and faithfulness to truth in word and action. When he was plunged into the vortex of officialdom at Washington, he loyally trusted subordinates as he had done in the past, and with as little expectation of treason and dishonesty. His singular devotion to his friendships, too, one of the most tenacious phases of his temperament, made him all the more susceptible to the cunning blandishments of those to whom he had given his confidence. The curious irony of facts transformed these virtues, so honorable and ennobling to the private individual, into defects when brought into contact with sordid and deceitful spirits, who looked on public office as a mere avenue of money-getting. The scandals which occurred in both of President Grant's administrations growing out of such mistakes of confidence left a temporary shadow on the bright lustre of his name. As bitterly as he was attacked in the public press for an innocent responsibility in these cases, it is probable that no word of opprobrium, however malignant, gave him even a touch of the agony and humiliation which shook his loyal heart at the thought of the infamy of those whom he had called friends.

President Grant's policy as an administrator was inspired by the largest ambition for his country's good. Though not a "Jingo" in any violent sense, he believed in extending our naval and military resources and in preparing for those expanding international relations which he saw to be inevitable. His plan for the acquisition of Santo Domingo, which at the last moment failed on account of the Senate's dissent, was not merely designed for the home of colored emigrants from the United States, where they might form independent communities untroubled by collision with the whites. The island's value as naval rendezvous and depot was clearly estimated, for next to the possession of Cuba it would probably serve best as the key of the Caribbean Sea. But while Grant had a conviction of the future enlargement of our international importance, and of the preparation for that time by the acquisition of our natural outposts in the sea, the love of peace, which his grim experience on so many fields of slaughter had sharpened, shone in his radical belief in arbitration as a method of settling international differences. The crowning glory of his administration was the Treaty of Washington, with its sequence of the Geneva Tribunal, which in 1872 gave the United States $15,000,000 as an award on account of the *Alabama* claims. Whether or not he would have given his adhesion to a general arbitration treaty, he had a large share in bringing about the Treaty of Washington, and no one could believe more strongly in the general aims involved in all such diplomatic conventions.

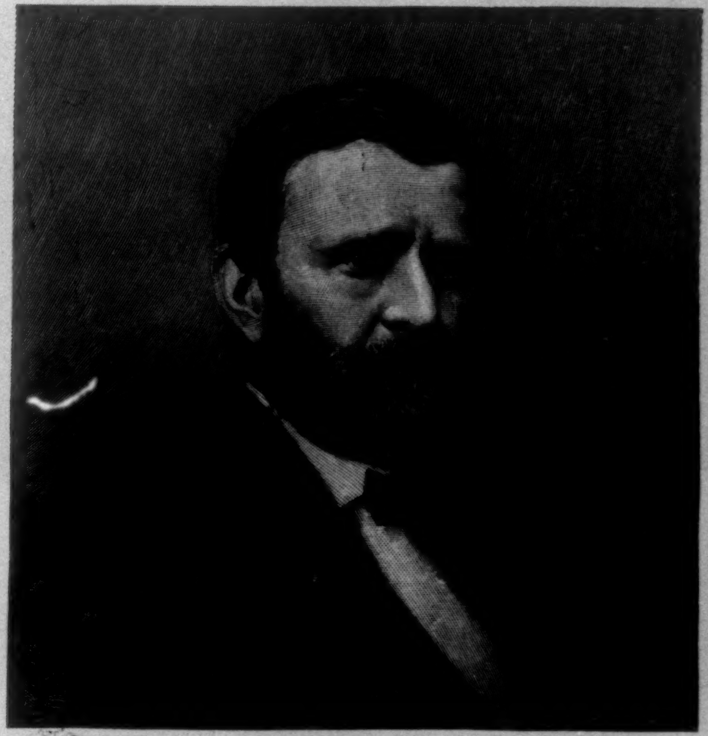
The *Virginius* difficulty of 1873, which sent a thrill of horror and indignation at a woful butchery of prisoners by General Burriel's command—a soldier who more than rivalled the present General Weyler in sanguinary harshness—at one time threatened to plunge us into immediate war with Spain. This was mainly checked by President Grant's firmness and coolness of temper. Whatever sympathy he might have felt with the spirit behind the popular clamor, he felt it necessary to wait for final investigation of all the truth, which proved to be that the *Virginius* had sailed under forged American papers.

His patient thoroughness in attending personally to the problems set before him, the conscience he put into his work, had many illustrations in his official life in the White House. None has more significance than the circumstances accompanying the veto of the Currency bill in 1874, which aimed at a great inflation of the volume of paper money. According to the account given the writer of this article by the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, an intimate friend of the President, who was then visiting the White House, General Grant, who had studied the somewhat confused verbiage with intense thought and attention, had determined to sign it, as on the whole beneficial to the needs of the people. But he thought he would yet give the work of analysis another all-night

JESSE R. GRANT AND HANNAH GRANT,
Father and Mother of General Grant.—From a Photograph by Landy.



AS A LIEUTENANT IN THE MEXICAN WAR, 1846.



AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, 1869.

AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, 1876.

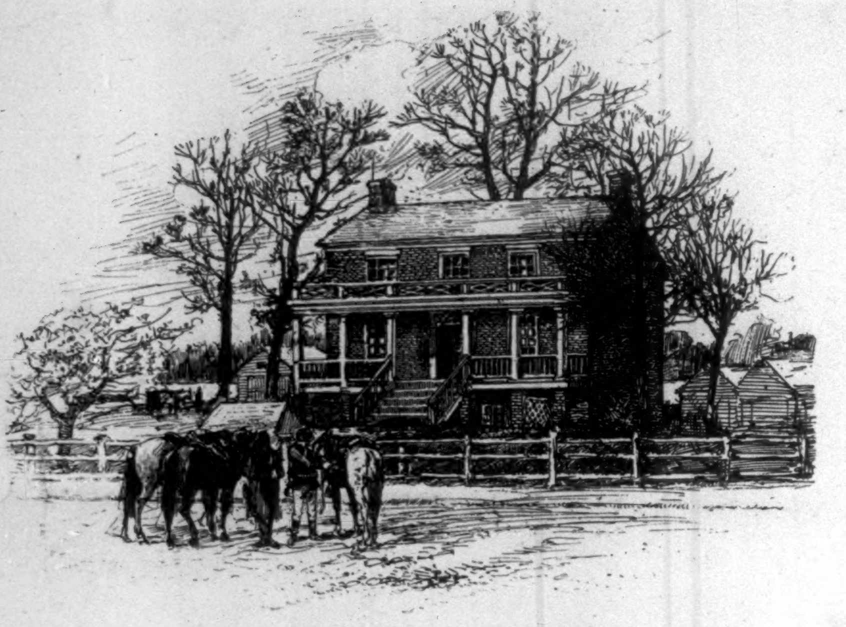
LAST DAYS—ON THE PORCH AT MOUNT McGREGOR, 1885.

Assist. Surg. E. D. W. Breneman. Col. Horace Porter. Col. O. E. Babcock. Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant. Col. T. S. Bowers. Col. J. D. Webster. Col. E. S. Parker.

Lieut. G. K. Leet. Col. M. R. Morgan. Brev. Maj. Gen. R. Ingalls. Maj. Gen. S. Williams. Brig. Gen. J. A. Rawlins. Col. C. B. Comstock. Col. Adam Badeau.

AS LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SURROUNDED BY HIS STAFF, 1864.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, 1846–1885.



McLEAN'S HOUSE AT APPOMATTOX WHERE GENERAL LEE SURRENDERED.

session. About daybreak the fallacy underlying the bill burst on him in the strongest light, and he vetoed, and returned it to the Senate with a message pregnant with a force of argument which would have done honor to the clearest-headed economist in the land.

When General Grant retired from public life, after his failure to secure a nomination for a third time, in that famous convention where his 306 devoted adherents, led by Roscoe Conkling, played so dramatic a part, he found himself free to make his long-contemplated journey around the world. That visit to the Old World was one of the most magnificent of ovations in every country from England to far-away Cathay—a continuous triumphal procession. He was everywhere welcomed as one of the greatest of living men, who fully deserved all the laurels which he had won. The singular modesty and simplicity of his demeanor under such a drenching shower of honors were not unaccompanied by a quiet sense of his own dignity and worth. The impression he left on the more artificial foreign society was a peculiar one. The utter absence of pretension under conditions which might easily have intoxicated a more shallow nature fascinated a world accustomed to excuse the display of pomp and hauteur, even to the touch of charlatanry, as a part of the mental entourage of distinction. In this simplicity of bearing the famous visitor from the New World only found parallels in the very foremost of his European contemporaries, master-spirits of the type of Gladstone and Bismarck, who had no need of the arts of the theatre to paint their glory the more vividly.

How General Grant was toppled from his sunniest height of prosperity is too sad a story to be retold. But he did not abdicate from his true eminence. He rather climbed to a more dazzling peak in the world's admiration by the heroic fortitude and patience of his declining life, and of that death at Mount McGregor which conquered the grave itself through the fruits of what he accomplished under the most depressing conditions. It was not very long after his return from his transatlantic triumphs that he was robbed of all his fortune by a swindling business associate, in whom he had placed, after his wont, a too hasty confidence. He promptly surrendered every dollar of his possessions to meet the just claims of creditors, and only saved out of the wreck his city residence. But the fates had not yet meted out from their Pandora's box the full complement of mischief which they had in store. What at first seemed a slight ailment proved to be the insidious and deadly disease cancer.

It was consequent on this that General Grant's greatness of personality was more sharply accentuated than at any other juncture of his remarkable career. A dying man, crucified by prolonged torture, the duty lay before him of making provision for his family, otherwise without certainty of support. He had frequently expressed his disinclination to write any history of his career. But the catastrophe which now faced him induced the dying man to change his purpose. So, racked by disease, uncertain how near his end was, he began his *Personal Memoirs*. The story of its composition is one of the most pathetic in the history of literature—even more so than that of Sir Walter Scott's gigantic effort to recoup as a broken-down invalid the mishaps and blunders of his more prosperous days. The slowly dying Grant fought with the same tenacity which had marked his victorious grapple with Lee, till he had concluded his monumental book, only shortly before he sighed his last breath away at Mount McGregor, July 23, 1885. The book answered the dead hero's hopes. It endowed his family with more than $500,000. As a piece of literature it was quite as notable as a piece of merchandise. Written with luminous simplicity and directness, it has many of the same qualities of style which distinguish Cæsar's Commentaries. But, unlike them, it not only gives an adequate record of his military experiences, but the fascinating story of his own personality as a man, told with *naïve* freshness.

General Grant's achievements as a soldier, of course, measure that specific greatness by which the world will remember him the longest. Intensity of purpose, which swept every obstacle from his path, exact knowledge of what he wished to accomplish by each movement, and that concentration of plan and resource, disdainful of any minor advantage, however tempting, which offered a diversion, characterized all his movements in the field after his genius had fully evolved itself in the Vicksburg campaign. His methods were to deal stunning blows in quick succession, to press every advantage to the uttermost, to take and keep the offensive whenever possible. One of his remarkable gifts was that acumen which enabled him to estimate closely what his opponent would do under given circumstances. As a corollary of this, students of the war will remember how prompt he was to change his plan when experiment proved that he could thereby accomplish his end more easily. His promptness of resource and his imperturbability of soul in apparent disaster impressed those under him with an enthusiastic confidence. And the same sagacity which showed itself in the management of the campaign immediately under his eye was no less evident in that control of distant armies converging to one end which constituted the grand strategy of the Commander-in-Chief. General Grant's inflexible disdain of Washington panics and jealousies was in itself an indication how thoroughly he understood the conditions of successful generalship. He suffered no commander except himself. And the one man who could have interfered uniformly trusted the judgment of the great soldier in the field.

As a civil administrator Grant was the purest of patriots, and no touch of any sordid or ignoble motive ever soiled his garments. Often betrayed by his own friends, walking in paths where political corruption was rampant, he never deviated from that inflexible integrity which made him "four-square to all the winds that blew." If not a great statesman in the sense that he was a great soldier, his conceptions of national good had that prescient and thoughtful outlook which swept beyond the zone of the present. As an individual he was one of the finest and best types of his country, simple, sincere, devoid of affectation, and a fanatic in fulfilling every call of duty. His whole personality took possession of the minds of men as constituted of massive, easily understood elements, which lay against each other like blocks of granite. And so when his funeral called together the best and noblest from all sections of the reunited land, their sorrow might easily have found consolation in the words of Tennyson's great threnody on the Duke of Wellington:

> Let his great example stand
> Colossal, seen of every land,
> And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure,
> Till in all lands and thro' all human story
> The path of duty be the way to glory.

General Grant's death occurred on July 23, 1885, and the land went into a universal mourning only less than that which followed the untimely end of President Lincoln. The passage of the funeral procession, it is estimated, was witnessed by more than a million people. The general desire had been to inter the remains either in the National Cemetery at Arlington, in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, or in the Crypt of the Capitol. But the dying man's own final request, expressed shortly before his death, determined the problem. So the city of New York, the metropolis of the nation, where General Grant had established his home, was selected by his family, and the beautiful Riverside site was granted by the city as the location of his sepulchre. Here, too, a temporary tomb was erected for the great departed. The organization of a monument committee began five days after his death; yet, though many of the most distinguished and wealthy citizens of New York were interested in the work, it was five years before the interminable delays allowed a plan to be finally selected—that of Mr. J. H. Duncan having been preferred out of many offered. The structure, which was to cost between $500,000 and $600,000, has, with slight modifications, closely followed the design. Ground was broken, with appropriate ceremonies, on the anniversary of Grant's birthday, April 27, 1891, on the site, which is at Riverside Drive and One Hundred and Twenty-third Street, and which has a peerless outlook in its sweep and picturesqueness of view.

It was not till February, 1892, when General Horace Porter, recently appointed Minister to France, who had been on General Grant's staff, and afterwards his military secretary, was made president of the Monument Association, that efficient steps were taken to stimulate the laggard enterprise toward an early completion. Under his energetic management the needed money was raised by popular subscription. On the anniversary occasion of April 27, 1892, the corner-stone was laid by President Harrison, and an oration delivered by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew. It is estimated that the total number of contributors to the people's fund was 64,788, and the sums donated ranged from one cent to $1000. The total number of contributors, including those whose names were given, is estimated at 90,000.

The lower section of this noble sepulchre of the greatest of American soldiers measures 90 feet on a side, and is square in shape, of the Grecian Doric order. The entrance, on the south side, is guarded by a portico in double lines of columns approached by steps 70 feet in width. The square structure is surmounted with a cornice and parapet at a height of 72 feet, and above this rises a circular cupola 70 feet in diameter, terminating in a pyramidal top 150 feet above grade and 280 feet above the Hudson River.

The architecture follows lines of noble but severe symmetry, and its massive simplicity well befits the character of the man whom it nobly commemorates. The interior shapes the outline of a cross, 76 feet in greatest dimension. Piers of masonry at the four corners are connected by arches forming recesses. The arches rise 50 feet above the floor, and on them rises an open circular gallery, surmounted by a panelled dome 105 feet above the floor-level. The plane and round surfaces are decorated with sculpture in *alto-rilievo* which represents scenes in General Grant's career from birth to death. The sculptor of this decoration is J. Massey Rhind. The stone used in the structure is granite almost as light as marble, and the sarcophagus is made of brilliant reddish porphyry.

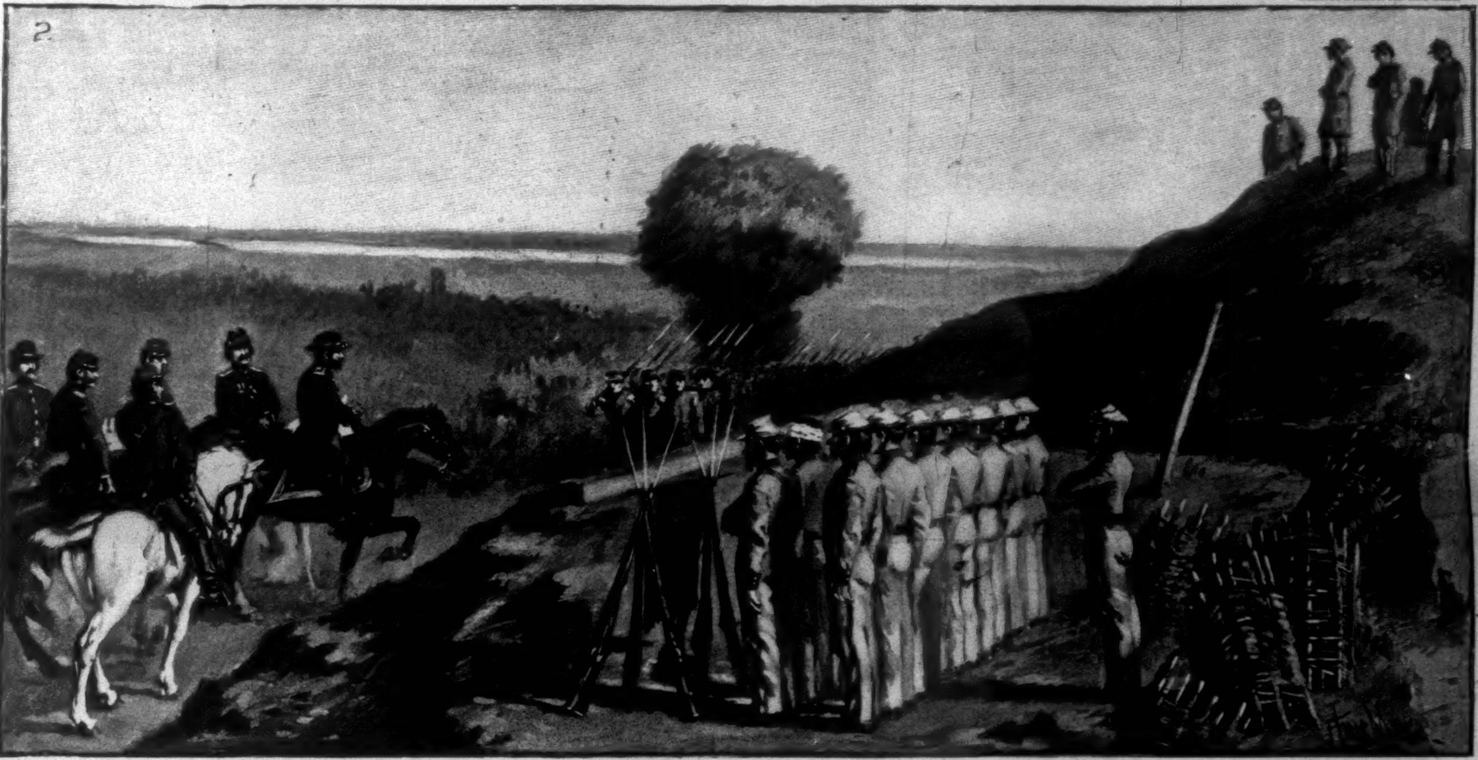
The crypt is immediately under the centre of the dome, whence the sunlight will pour down its vivid splendor. Stairways give access to the passage surrounding the place for the sarcophagus, and here in time will also rest the remains of General Grant's widow.

The time from the laying of the corner-stone to the final completion has been five years—not a long period for the consummation of such an enterprise as things have always gone in this country. It is safe to say that nothing in our history will compare in splendor and impressiveness with the dedication of this tomb. The city will bear the expense of the ceremonial, but the nation will co-operate. President McKinley, who will be present with all his cabinet and a large contingent of Congress, will deliver the dedication address. Bishop Newman, Grant's personal friend, will make the opening prayer; General Horace Porter the presentation address, handing over the tomb to the city; and Archbishop Corrigan the closing prayer. Invitations have been sent to the leading officials of the State and city, to the Governors of the other States, to all the diplomatic representatives of foreign governments, and to other well-known civic and military dignitaries. It is probable that most of the distinguished people of the land will be here, and that over a million and a half spectators will watch the great procession.

It is estimated that about 55,000 marching men will constitute the procession, arrangements for which have been in charge of General Grenville M. Dodge. Fully half of these will be the National Guard of New York and other States. The estimate is that there will be in line 2500 United States regulars, 1500 bluejackets and marines; 13,000 New York State troops; of the Pennsylvania militia, about 4000; New Jersey State troops, 4000; and from other States, 5000 guardsmen; uniformed and armed cadets, 4000; Grand Army veterans, 10,000; and various civic bodies, about 10,000. The general route of the land parade will be from Madison Square up Madison Avenue to Fifty-fifth Street, to Fifth Avenue, to Fifty-ninth Street, to the Boulevard, to Seventy-second Street, to Riverside Drive, and thence to the tomb, which it will reach probably about 1 P.M., and from the east side of which it will be reviewed by the President. The naval parade will consist of United States and foreign men-of-war, the latter having been specially ordered by their governments for the purpose; ships of the Light-house Department and the Revenue Marine, yachts, merchant vessels, and city department boats. The men-of-war will be anchored in mid-stream opposite the Grant Monument, and the moving parade on the water is expected to be one of the most picturesque features of the celebration.

THE LAST SHOT FIRED BY THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

General Grant and Staff. General Pemberton and Staff.



Col. C. Marshall. Col. O. E. Babcock. Brev. Maj. Gen. J. G. Barnard. Maj. Gen. Seth Williams. Maj. Gen. E. O. C. Ord. Col. Horace Porter. Col. F. T. Dent. Brev. Maj. Gen. R. Ingalls.

Gen. R. E. Lee. Col. E. S. Parker. Col. T. S. Bowers. Lieut. Gen. U. S. Grant. Brig. Gen. J. A. Rawlins. Maj. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan.

GENERAL GRANT IN THE CIVIL WAR.—Drawn from Sketches published in "Harper's Weekly" at the Time.

1. The Siege of Fort Donelson—the hand-to-hand Fight over Schwartz's Battery the Day before the Surrender. 2. The Surrender of Vicksburg—the Rebels marching out and stacking Arms. 3. The Surrender at Appomattox.

THE TOMB OF GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT, RIVERSIDE D

IDE DRIVE, NEW YORK—DEDICATED APRIL 27.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.

GENERAL GRANT IN THE CIVIL WAR—HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD.—DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XXV.

JEROME decided that he would not go to see Lucina Merritt that Sunday night. He knew that she expected him, though there had been no formal agreement to that effect; he knew that she would wonder at his non-appearance, and, even though she were not disappointed, that she would think him untruthful and unmannerly.

"Let her," he told himself, harshly, fairly scourging himself with his resolution. "Let her think just as badly of me as she can. I'll get over it quicker."

The ineffable selfishness of martyrdom was upon him. He considered only his own glory and pain of noble renunciation, and not her agony of disillusion and distrust, even if she did not care for him. That last possibility he did not admit for a moment. In the first place, though he had loved her almost at first sight, the counter-reasoning he did not imagine could apply to her. It had been as simple and natural in his case as looking up at a new star; but in hers—what was there in him to arrest her sweet eyes and consideration at a moment's notice, if at all? As well expect the star to note a new eye of admiration upon the earth.

In all probability Lucina's heart had turned already to Lawrence Prescott, as was fitting. She had doubtless seen much of him; he was handsome and prosperous; both families would be pleased with such a match. Jerome faced firmly the jealousy in his heart. "You've got to get used to it," he told himself.

He did not think much of his sister in this connection, but simply decided that his mother, and possibly Elmira, had overrated Lawrence Prescott's attention and jumped too hastily at conclusions. It was incredible that any one should fancy his sister in preference to Lucina. Lawrence had merely called in a friendly way. He did not once imagine any such feeling on Elmira's part for young Prescott as on his for Lucina, and had for the while more impatience than pity. However, he resolved if Lawrence should stay so late again with his sister that he should remonstrate.

"She may think he means more than he does—girls are so silly," he said. He did not class Lucina Merritt among girls.

That Sunday night, after dark, though he was resolved not to visit Lucina, he strolled up the road past her house. There was no light in the parlor. "She doesn't expect me, after all," he thought, but with a great pang of disappointment rather than relief. He judged such proceedings from the rustic stand-point. Always in Upham, when a girl expected a young man to come to spend an evening with her, she lighted the best parlor, and entertained him there in isolation from the rest of her family. He did not know how different a training in such respects Lucina had had. She never thought, since he was not her avowed lover, of sequestering herself with him in the best parlor. She would have been too proudly and modestly fearful as to what he might think of her, and she of herself, and her parents of them both. She expected, as a matter of course, to invite him into the sitting-room, where were her father and mother and Colonel Jack Lamson.

However, she permitted herself a little innocent manœuvre, whereby she might gain a few minutes of special converse with him without the presence of her elders. A little before dusk Lucina seated herself on the front door-step. Her mother brought presently a shawl, and feared lest she take cold; but Lucina said she should not remain there long, and there was no wind and no dampness.

Lucina felt uneasy lest she be deceiving her mother, but she could not bring herself to tell her, though she did not fairly know why, that she expected a caller.

The dusk gathered softly, like the shadow of brooding wings. She thought Jerome must come very soon. She could just see a glimmer of white road through the trees, and she watched that eagerly, never taking her eyes from it. Now and then she heard an approaching footstep, and a black shadow slanted athwart the road. Her heart sank, though she wondered at it, when that happened.

When Jerome came up the road she made sure at once that it was he. She even stirred to greet him, but after an indefinable pause he passed on also; then she thought she had been mistaken.

He saw the flutter of pale drapery on the door-step, but never dreamed that Lucina was actually there watching for him. After a while he went back. Lucina, who was still sitting there, saw him again, but this time did not stir, since he was passing the other way.

When, at half past eight, she saw the people from the evening prayer-meeting passing on the road, she made sure that Jerome would not come that night.

She gave a soft sigh, leaned her head back against the fluted door-post, and tried to recall every word he had said to her, and every word she had said to him, about his coming. She began to wonder if she had possibly not been cordial enough; if she could have made him fear he would not be welcome. She repeated over and over, trying to imagine him in her place as listener, all she had said to him. She gave it the farthest inflection of graciousness and coolness of which she could have been capable, and puzzled sorely as to which she had used.

"It makes so much difference as to how you say a thing," thought poor Lucina, "and I know I was afraid lest he think me too glad to have him come. I wonder if I did not say enough, or did not say it pleasantly?"

It did not once occur to Lucina that Jerome might mean to slight her, and might stay away because he wished to do so. She had been so petted and held precious and desirable during her whole sweet life that she could scarcely imagine any one would flout her, though so timid and fearful of hurting and being hurt was she by nature that without so much love and admiration she would have been a piteous thing.

She decided that it must be her fault that Jerome had not come. She reflected that he was very proud; she remembered, and the memory stung her with something of the old pain of the happening, how he would not take her cakes when she was a child, how he would not take her money to buy shoes. She shrank even then, remembering the flash with which he had turned upon her.

"I did not say enough, I was so afraid of saying too much, and that is why he has not come," she told herself, and sadly troubled her gentle heart thereby.

The tears came into her eyes and rolled slowly down her fair cheeks as she sat there in the dusk. She did not yet feel towards Jerome as he to her. She had been too young and childish when she had known him for love to have taken fast root in her heart, and she was not one to love fully until she felt her footing firm and her place secure in a lover's affections. Still, who can tell what may be in the heart of the gentlest and most transparent little girl who follows obediently at her mother's apron-strings? In those

(Continued on page 446.)

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN
is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.—[*Adv.*]

YOU know DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS is the only genuine—don't be deceived.—[*Adv.*]

FROM
"POPULAR DENTISTRY"

BY G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D.S.

WHEN A DENTIST SHOULD BE CONSULTED.

[*A copy of this pamphlet by mail, free, on application to Hall & Ruckel, New York.*]

We have remarked that any one, on examination, could detect the fissures or depressions in the enamel. When these fissures present a dark appearance, which the brush or toothpick cannot remove, you may rest assured that decay in its first stages has commenced, and no time should be lost in consulting a competent dentist, who will, by thoroughly eradicating it, and filling the tooth with some suitable material, preserve it. Have your family dentist, as you have your family physician, and consult him two or three times a year. His province is to prevent as well as to arrest disease. Many there are who, though perfectly conscious that their teeth are decaying, neglect them, simply because they have caused no pain.

(*To be continued week after next.*)

ADVERTISEMENTS.

"PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME; YEAR AFTER YEAR IT STEALS, TILL ALL ARE FLED."

Sozodont

ARRESTS DECAY OF THE TEETH

and prevents their loss. It also cleans them without injury, strengthens the gums, perfumes the breath, and imparts a most refreshing sensation.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK *Proprietors* LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

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Strength, Purity and Fragrance Combined with Remarkable Delicacy

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Be sure that you get the "No. 4711."

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Pears'
means cleanliness.
Oh, to feel clean!
Who would'nt use
Pears' Soap when
it's so economical,
luxurious, healthful,
cleansing.
Delicate skins demand Pears' Soap.
Is your's delicate?
Wears to the thinness of a wafer. Avoid substitutes.

Pears' (the original) **Shaving Stick is unrivalled.**
Sold everywhere—Used everywhere

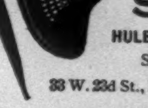
They Fit

We can't compel you to put a '97 Mesinger saddle on your wheel. We would if we could, because you'd be comfortable and healthy. Our '97 is better even than our '96—narrower pommel, broader back. Success is due to the rattan. Wood fibre cannot stretch, and the saddle cannot sag. The V-shaped opening relieves all injurious pressure. Price $3.50, express paid.

HULBERT AIR BRAKE
is necessary everywhere with high gears. It operates on the rear wheel the second the bulb is pressed on the handle bar. Fits any bicycle. Price $3.50, express paid.

For sale everywhere.
Mention where you saw this, and send 4c. for souvenir pin.

MESINGER RATTAN SADDLE



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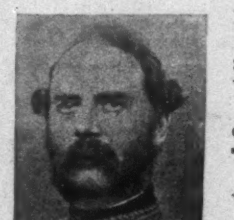
Sporting Goods,
33 W. 23d St., N.Y., Opp. Old Store.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The oldest and best Specific against dyspepsia; an appetizer and a promoter of digestion.
Ask your Grocer, Liquor Dealer, or Druggist.


KING CHRISTIAN, OF DENMARK.)

BEST OF CARE
Should always be taken of your stomach; it has so much work to do that it needs constant aid.

Johann Hoff's Malt Extract

Aids Digestion, Makes Flesh and Blood.

What King Christian, of Denmark, writes:
"I have noticed the beneficial action of JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT on myself, as well as on others of my household, and am pleased to acknowledge this."

Use only the genuine JOHANN HOFF'S MALT EXTRACT. All others are worthless imitations.

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MAGAZINE, $4 00 a year
WEEKLY, $4 00 a year
BAZAR, $4 00 a year
ROUND TABLE, $2 00 a year

(Continued from page 445.)

old days, when Abigail had put her little daughter to bed, heard her say her prayers for forgiveness of her sins of innocence, and blessings upon those whom she loved best, then kissed the fair baby face sunken in its white pillow, she never dreamed what happened after she had gone down stairs. Every night, for a long time after she had first spoken to Jerome, did the small Lucina, her heart faintly stirred into ignorant sweetness with the first bloom of young romance, slip out of her bed after her mother had gone, kneel down upon her childish knees, and ask another blessing for Jerome Edwards.

"Please, God, bless that boy, and give him shoes and gingerbread, because he won't take them from me," Lucina used to pray, then climb into bed again with a little wild scramble of hurry.

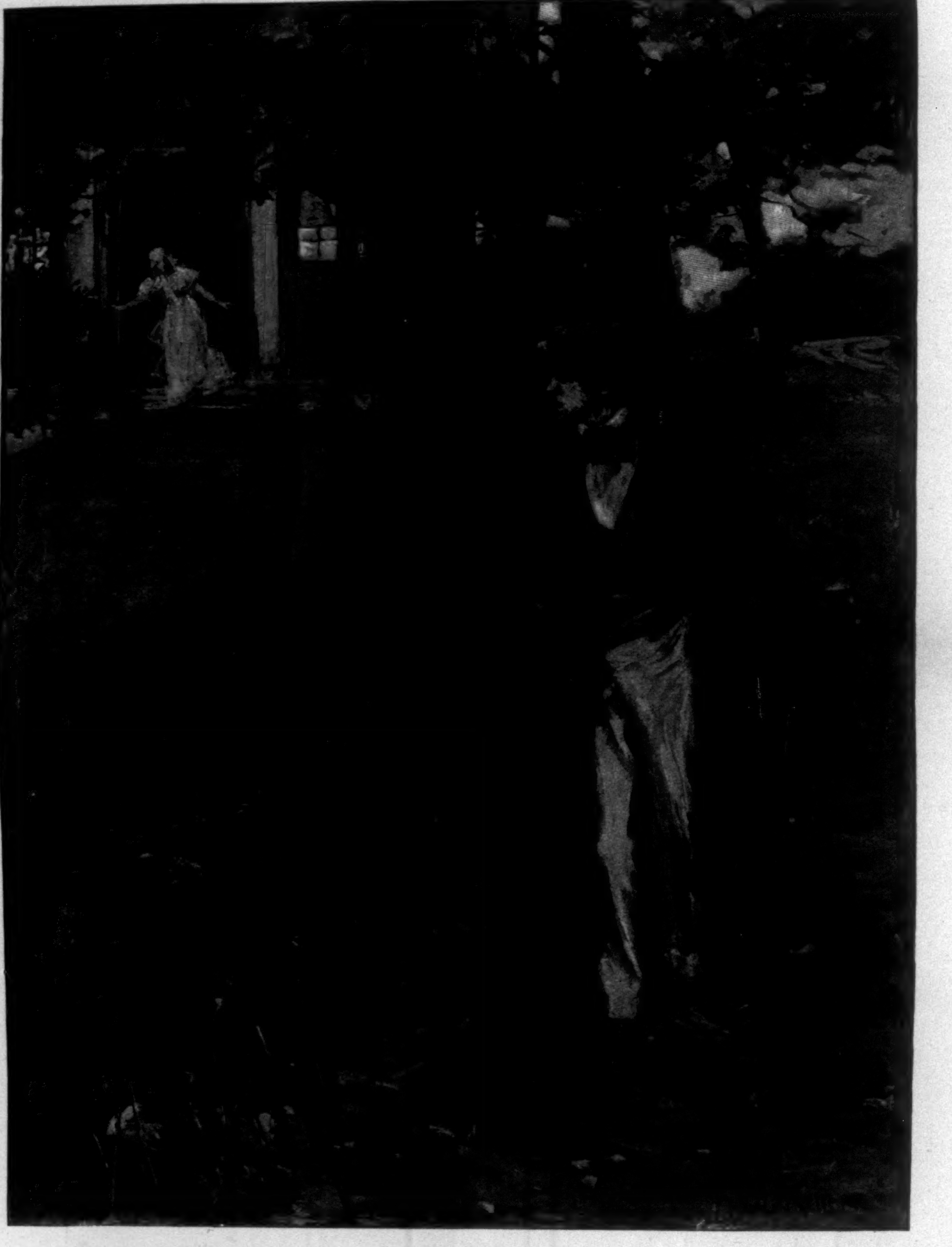
Sometimes when she was a little girl, though her mother never knew it, Lucina used to be thinking about Jerome, and building artless air-castles, when she bent her grave childish brow over her task of needle-work. Sometimes on the heights of these castles reared by her innocent imagination she and Jerome put arms around each other's neck and embraced and kissed, and her mother sat close by and did not know.

She also did not know that often when she had curled Lucina's hair with special care on the Sabbath day, and dressed her in her best frock, that her little daughter, demurely docile under her maternal hands, was eagerly wondering if Jerome would not think her pretty in her finery.

Of course when Lucina was grown up, and went away to school, these childish love-dreams seemed quite lost and forgotten in her awakening under the light of older life. In these latter days Lucina had never thought about Jerome Edwards. She had even, perhaps, had her heart touched at least to a fancy of love by the admiration of others. It was whispered in the village that Lucina Merritt had had chances already. However, if she had, she had waved them back upon the donors before they had been fairly given, with that gentlest compassion which would permit no need of itself. Lucina, however her heart might have been swerved for a season to its natural inclination of love, had never yet admitted a lover, for when it came to that last alternative of open or closed doors, she had immediately been seized with an impulse of flight into her fastness of childhood and maidenhood.

But now, though she scarcely loved Jerome as yet, the power of her old dreams was over her again. No one can overestimate the tendency of the human soul toward old ways of happiness which it has not fully explored.

Lucina had begun, almost whether she would or not, to dream again those old sweet dreams whose reality she had never yet tasted. Had life ever broken in upon the dreams, had a word or a caress ever become a fact, it is probable she would have looked now upon it all as upon some childish fruit of delight whose sweetness she had proved and exhausted to insipidity. And this with no disparagement to her, for the most faithful heart is in youth subject to growth and change, and not free as to the exercise of its own faithfulness.



"SHE EVEN STIRRED TO GREET HIM, BUT AFTER AN INDEFINABLE PAUSE HE PASSED ON."

Lucina, that Sunday evening, had put on one of her prettiest muslin frocks, crossbarred, with fine pink flowers set in the bars. She tied a pink ribbon round her waist too, and wore her morocco shoes. She looked down at the crisp flow of muslin over her knees, and thought that if Jerome had known how she had put on that pretty dress, he would have been sure she wanted him to come. Still, she would not have liked him to know she had taken as much pains as that, but she wished she had invited him more cordially to come.

The tears rolled down her cheeks and dropped on the fair triangle of neck between the folds of her lace tucker; she was weeping for Jerome's hurt, but it seemed strangely like her own. She was half minded to go into the house and tell her mother all about it, repeat that miserable little dialogue between herself and Jerome which was troubling her so, and let her decide as to whether she had been lacking in hospitality, and give her advice. But she could not quite bring herself to do that.

The moon arose behind the house; she could not see it, but she knew it was there by the swarming of pale lights under the pine-trees, and the bristling of their tops as with needles of silver. She heard a whippoorwill in the distance calling as from some undiscovered country; there was an undertone of frogs from marshy meadows swelling and dying in even cadences of sound.

Lucina's mother came to the door and put her hand on the girl's head. "You must come in," she said; "your hair feels quite damp. You will take cold. Your dress is thin, too."

Lucina rose obediently, and followed her mother into the sitting-room, where sat Squire Eben and Colonel Lamson in swirling clouds of tobacco smoke.

Lucina's cheeks had a wonderful clear freshness of red and white from the damp night air. There were no traces of tears on her sweet blue eyes. She came into the bright room with a smiling shrinking from the light which gave her the expression of an angel. Both men gazed at her with a sort of passion of tenderest admiration, and a certain sadness of yearning—the Squire's from that instinct of insecurity and possibility of loss to which possession itself gave rise; the Colonel's from the awaking of old vain longings in his own heart.

The Squire reached out a hand toward Lucina, caught her first by her flowing skirt, then by her fair arm, and drew her close to his side and pulled down her soft face to his. "Well, pretty, how goes the world?" he said, with a laugh which had almost the catch of a sob, so anxiously tender he was of her, and so timid before his own delight in her.

When she had kissed him and bade him good-night, Lucina went up to her own chamber, and her mother with her.

"Abigail follows the child since she came home like a hen with one chicken," the Squire said, smiling almost foolishly in his utter pride of this beautiful daughter.

The Colonel nodded, frowning gravely over his pipe at the opposite window. "She makes me think a little of my wife at her age," he said.

The Squire started. It was the first time he had ever heard the Colonel mention his wife. He sighed, looked at him, and hesitated with a delicacy of reticence. "It must have been a hard blow," he ventured finally.

The Colonel nodded.

"Any children?" asked the Squire, after a little.

"No," replied Colonel Lamson. He puffed at his pipe; his face was redder than usual. "Well, Eben," he said, after a pause during which the two men smoked energetically, "I hope you'll keep her awhile."

"You don't think she looks delicate?" cried the Squire, turning pale. "Her mother doesn't think so."

The Colonel laughed heartily. "When a girl blossoms out like that, there'll be plenty trying the garden gate," said he.

The Squire flushed angrily. "Let 'em try it and be damned!" he said.

"You can't lock the gate, Eben. If you do, she'll open it herself, and no blame to her."

"She won't, I tell you. She's too young, and there's not a man I know fit to tie her little shoes."

"How's young Prescott?"

"Young Prescott be damned!"

The Colonel hesitated. He had seen with an eye sharpened with long and thorough experience Jerome Edwards and Lucina the night of the party. "How's that young Edwards?"

Squire Merritt stared. "The smartest young fellow in this town," he said, with a kind of crusty loyalty. "But when it comes to Lucina—Lucina!"

"I've liked that boy, Eben, ever since that night in Robinson's store," said the Colonel, with a curious gravity.

"So have I," returned the Squire, defiantly; "and before that—ever since his father died. He was the bravest little rascal. He's a hero in his way. I was telling Lucina the other day what he'd done. But when it comes to his lifting his eyes to her—to her— By the Lord Harry, Jack! nobody shall have her, rich or poor, good or bad. I don't care if he's a prince, or an angel from heaven. Don't I know what men are? I'm going to keep my angel of a child awhile myself. I'll tell you one thing, sir, and that is, Lucina thinks more to-day of her old father than any man living. I'll bet you a thousand she does!" Squire Eben's voice fairly broke with loving emotion and indignation.

"Can't take you up, Eben," said the Colonel, dryly. "I'd be too darned sure to lose, and I couldn't pay a dollar; but—to-morrow's coming."

Squire Eben Merritt stood looking at his friend, a frown of jealous revery on his face. Suddenly, with no warning, as if from a sudden uplifting of the spirit, it cleared away. He laughed out his great hearty laugh. "Well, by the Lord Harry, Jack!" said he, "when the girl does lose her heart, though I hope it won't be for many a day yet, if it's to a good man that can take care of her, and fight for her when I'm gone, her old father won't stand in the way. Lucina always did have what she wanted, and she always shall."

CHAPTER XXVI.

For three weeks after that Jerome never saw Lucina at all. He avoided the sight of her in every way in his power. He went to Dale and returned after dark; he staid away from meeting. He also strove hard to drive even the thought of her from his mind. He got out his algebra and Latin books again; every minute during which he was not at work, and even during his work, he tried to keep his mind so full that Lucina's image could not enter. But sometimes he had a despairing feeling that her image was so incorporated with his very soul that he might as well strive to drive away a part of himself.

He had no longer any jealousy of Lawrence Prescott. One day Lawrence had come to the shop when he was at work and asked to speak to him a moment outside. He told him how matters stood between himself and his sister. "I like Elmira," Lawrence had said, soberly and manfully. "I don't see my way clear to marrying her yet, and I told her so. I want you to understand it and know just what I mean. I've got my way to make first. I don't suppose—I can count on much encouragement from father in this. You know it's no disparagement to Elmira, Jerome. You know father."

"Does your father know about it?" asked Jerome.

"I told mother," Lawrence answered, "and she advised me to say nothing about it to father yet. Mother thought I had better go and study medicine, and get ready to practise, and perhaps then father might think better of it. She says we are both young enough to wait two or three years."

Jerome in his leather apron, with his grimy hands and

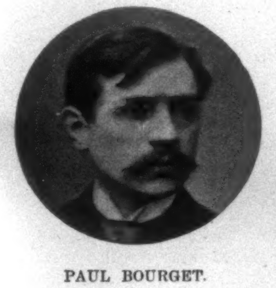
(Continued on page 448.)

A NEW HISTORY OF LITERATURE.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

LESLIE STEPHEN.

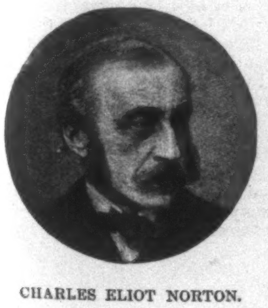
W. E. H. LECKY.



PAUL BOURGET.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

PROF. E. RAY LANKESTER.



CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

WE have given such unstinted commendation to Charles Dudley Warner's new Library that it is almost impossible to say more. But as we take up the succeeding volumes, as they come from the press—there are ten of them so far—there seems to us a side to this really wonderful publication which may easily be lost sight of in the vastness and variety of its contents. This is that the new Library will form the most perfect and exhaustive History of Literature that has yet been written.

There was high need for such a history. One may search the book-stores and libraries in vain to find a single broadly popular work which gives within convenient compass a comprehensive survey of literature in all ages and in all countries. True, we have such a history in detached and scattered chapters. There are many admirable studies in English or American, or French or German, or Greek and Classical literature. But these are so numerous, several of them comprising a number of volumes in themselves, that taken together they would alone make up a small library.

And this is only half the story. The other side of the matter is that most "histories of literature" are hopelessly dull and uninteresting. With a very few exceptions they have been written by dreary pedants, and have utterly lacked that rare power to alike illuminate and instruct and charm.

But in the new Library, now in course of publication under Mr. Warner's finely competent editorial direction, we have not only just such a broad and universal history of books that we stood in so much need—books the most ancient and the most modern, and those of our own and of the most distant peoples—but it is history in a new and a most delightful form.

In this happy solution of a complicated problem, we deem that Mr. Warner has performed a service of unusual felicity and value. In one fine stroke he has given us at once such a history of the literature of all the world and monographs on its greatest writers; and with all this he has given that which is most truly representative and most enduring of the greatest writers' works. Or, to state the matter conversely, in the new Library we have not alone a splendid storehouse of *real literature*, gathering up the best that has been written in every age and by every people that ever engaged in the production of books; we find this vast treasury of learning made exemplary and, as it were, a work of reference to what is undoubtedly the finest general and biographical history of literature that has ever been prepared.

This in itself would be a superb undertaking. But Mr. Warner has—and it was thoroughly characteristic of him—accomplished this task in a way that, while authoritative in the highest degree, seems yet to possess that same subtle charm and deep human interest which pervades his individual works. For each of the greater writers and the more important topics he has pressed into service the one man who among all men living is most competent, upon this man or that topic, to speak; and from these foremost authorities he has obtained a series of critical and interpretative essays which say the wisest, tersest, and most interesting word it is possible to say upon each subject treated.

These are strong terms, and yet it seems to us that they are justified by the most cursory glance at Mr. Warner's splendid list of contributors. If, for example, we were asked to name who among all living writers would be most likely to give, for English-speaking people, the clearest insight into the purpose and mission of Russia's greatest novelist, we should inevitably say Mr. Howells. And it is Mr. Howells who writes the article upon Tolstoï for the Library. So, too, if we were asked the same question in regard to the man who, now that Froude is dead, would be likely to present a thoroughly fresh view of Carlyle, we should most likely answer Leslie Stephen. And it is Leslie Stephen whom Mr. Warner has appointed to write the Carlyle article for the Library.

Nothing, again, could be more appropriate than that ex-President Andrew D. White, who has lately been returned to his former post as Ambassador to Germany, should treat of Erasmus. To our day at least the name of the great Dutch scholar is not one to excite profound interest; but those who have been privileged to read President White's latest work, "The Warfare of Theology with Science," know well his genial power to make the dry bones and mummies of history live. And under the strokes of his pen Erasmus does live, and has for us a meaning and a personality.

We have spoken of Gibbon and the "Decline and Fall." Who could be better fitted to estimate for us, now, the value of Gibbon's monumental history than the historian Lecky, who has delved so deeply and written so learnedly of those very times covered by the "Decline and Fall"? And where could we find a man better equipped to write of the great tragic poet of the Greeks, Sophocles, than the greatest of living Greek historians, Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin?

Then, to come down to our own time and our own country, we note Henry James contributing a critical monograph upon Hawthorne, and yet another upon Russell Lowell. Opinion may vary as to the quality, or rather interest, of Henry James's novels, but we shall never have a surfeit of those keen, delicate character studies and analytical essays of his, of which these two last seem among the best. Much the same might be said of that Henry James of the French, Paul Bourget. He is at his best in his "Portraits," and it is easy to see that he would be especially inspired in writing, as he has for this Library, of that incomparable master of French fiction, Flaubert.

It is the unique distinction of Professor Edward Dowden, of Dublin, to be perhaps the greatest Shakespearian authority, and the most deeply versed in the work of Goethe, of any man now alive; so that not in the whole world could any one be found more capable of saying a new and illuminative word upon these two topics than he. Professor Dowden is not only a great scholar, but a writer of very great power; and his two articles, upon Shakespeare and Goethe, are among the finest contributions of this distinguished company.

It is further illustrative of the broad range of this remarkable work that we should find Archdeacon Farrar writing of the "Literary Grandeur of the New Testament," and Professor Crawford H. Toy, of Harvard, of the Old Testament in the light of modern criticism; and then again Professor E. Ray Lankester, of Oxford, making an exposition of Darwinism and the Darwinian theory, and likewise writing a critical article upon Huxley, who had so much to say regarding Darwinism and the New and Old Testament as well.

Not to unduly extend the exhibit, it is with the same pervading sense of fitness and authority that we find Dumas treated by Andrew Lang, and Dumas *fils* by M. Sarcey, the most celebrated of dramatic critics; Macaulay and Freeman by John Bach McMaster; Burns by the poet Stoddard; John Stuart Mill by Prof. Ely; Henry Ward Beecher by Lyman Abbott; Dante by Charles Eliot Norton; and Byron by Charles Dudley Warner himself.

We select these names at random from a list of several hundred of the foremost of living critics and writers, not only of this country but of England and the Continent as well. Never before, we are convinced, has there ever been gathered together such an imposing array of famous names to do so fine and lasting a work. Volume after volume is filled with critical and historical essays of so high a literary quality that, taken together, they comprise such a history of literature as has never before been written, and the like of which will in all probability not again appear for generations to come.

But when the thousand chiefest names of the makers of books have all been passed in review in this new and intensely interesting way, there are yet hundreds of others, more or less known, who at some time or other of their lives have done some notable thing. The fame of many rests upon some single achievement which has rescued its author from oblivion. It would have been easy enough to pass these by; but not one has been lost to the Library. They have every one been included in a department of deep and curious value devoted to the Famous Books of the World. Within this volume some twenty-five hundred graphic analyses have been made of celebrated novels and poems and rare and ancient books. We know of nothing in all the range of critical writing which exceeds the worth and merit of this department.

But we are not yet done with the noteworthy features of this truly epochal publication. Besides books and the writers of books, there yet remain the distinctive literatures of different ages and different countries, which are more the creation of a people or a race than of a man. These include the Vedas of the Hindoos, the Eddas and Sagas of the Norse, and such individual creations as the Legends of the Argonauts and of the Arthurian days, the tablet writings of the Babylonians and of the Egyptians, the Talmud and the Avesta, the songs of the Provençal poets, the Kalevala and the Thousand Stories of the Arabian Nights, and, finally, the national literatures of the Saxons and the Hungarians, the Chinese and Japanese, the Pole and the Icelander, and many others.

All of these have been treated in elaborate signed articles specially written for this Library by scholars who are the first authorities in their several fields.

The astonishing catalogue of contents is not yet complete. We have yet a fourth department devoted to famous single poems and masterpieces of song which have not been otherwise included. And then, as rounding up and completing this monumental history, we have such a Dictionary of the Authors of the World as has never before been compiled, wherein some twelve or fifteen thousand writers have been introduced, the salient facts of their lives set down, and note made of their supreme work. When we add to all this that every page and topic, every name of author or book, in the entire thirty volumes has been exhaustively indexed and cross indexed, it will be clear, we think, that this Library affords the most broadly comprehensive and exhaustive work of information and reference that exists in our own or any other language.

Mr. Warner's purpose, it is evident, has been to build not merely a splendid treasure-house of enjoyable reading that would respond to every mood of young and old, of scholar and busy reader alike; it was vastly more than this: it was to construct a great standard work upon the world's literature that should supersede every attempt which has hitherto been made in this direction. It is a history, a biography, a bibliography, a criticism, and a superb library of the literature of all climes and times in one.

Only the highest intellect could conceive and shape such a broad and magnificent design, and only the richest scholarship and the most varied learning could suffice for its execution in so brilliantly successful a way. Mr. Warner and his associates are deserving of more than commendation, of more than praise. Their labors have resulted in an imperial work such as the wide book-loving public has long awaited, and we can say no stronger word of the fruition of their task than to say that without these volumes no library, public or private, may now be considered complete.

The first edition of an important and costly work like the Library is indisputably the most valuable because printed from the new, fresh plates, thus bringing out both type and engravings with noticeable clearness and beauty. The superiority of first editions is best shown by the universal custom of publishers to demand more for them than for those issued later. But the publishers of Mr. Warner's Library have actually so reduced the price of their most valuable and desirable first edition that just at present it is obtainable for about half of the regular subscription price, and the additional privilege of easy monthly payments is also accorded.

These material concessions are made so as to quickly place a few sets in each community for inspection. But as only a few of these introductory sets from the much-sought-after first edition now remain, it becomes necessary for readers who desire a particularly choice set of the work (and at about half price besides) to write at once for particulars to Harper's Weekly Club, 91 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HON. ANDREW D. WHITE.

HENRY JAMES.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

PROF. EDWARD DOWDEN.

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT.

ANDREW LANG.

PROF. J. P. MAHAFFY.

(Continued from page 446.)

face even darkened with the tan of the leather, looked half suspiciously and bitterly at this other young man in his fine cloth and linen, with his white hands that had never done a day's labor. "You know what you are about?" he said, almost roughly. "You know what you are, you know what she is, and what we all are. You know you can't separate her from anything."

"I don't want to," cried Lawrence, with a great blush of fervor. "I'll be honest with you, Jerome. I didn't know what to do at first. I knew how much I thought of your sister, and I hoped she thought something of me; but I knew how father would feel, and I was dependent on him. I knew there was no sense in my marrying Elmira or any other girl against his wishes and starving her."

"There are others he would have you marry," said Jerome, a pallor creeping through the leather grime on his face.

Lawrence colored. "Yes, I suppose so," he said, simply, "but it's no use. I could never marry any other girl than Elmira, no matter how rich and handsome she was, nor how much she pleased father, even if she cared about me, and she wouldn't."

"You have been—going a little with some one else, haven't you?" Jerome asked, hoarsely.

Lawrence stared. "What do you mean?"

"I—saw you riding—"

"Oh," said Lawrence, laughing, "you mean I've been horseback-riding with Lucina Merritt. That was nothing."

"It wasn't nothing if she thought it was something!" Jerome said, with a flash of white face and black eyes at the other.

Lawrence looked wonderingly at him, laughed first, then responded, with some indignation, "Good Lord, Jerome! what are you talking about?"

"What I mean. My sister doesn't marry any man over another woman's heart, if I know it."

"Good Lord!" said Lawrence. "Why, Jerome, do you suppose I'd hurt little Lucina? She doesn't care for me in that way—she never would. And as for me—why, look here, Jerome, I never so much as held her hand. I never looked at her even in any way." Lawrence shook his head in emphatic reiteration of denial. "I might as well tell you that Lucina was the one I meant when I said father would like others better," continued Lawrence, "but Lucina Merritt would never care anything about me, even if I did about her, and I never could. Handsome as she is, and I do believe she's the greatest beauty in the whole county, she hasn't the taking way with her that Elmira has. You must see that yourself, Jerome."

Jerome laughed awkwardly. Nobody knew how much joy these words of Lawrence Prescott gave him, and how hard he tried to check the joy, because it should not matter to him except for Elmira's sake.

"Did you ever see a girl with such sweet ways as your sister?" persisted Lawrence.

"Elmira is a good girl," Jerome admitted, confusedly. He loved his sister, and would have defended her against deprecation with his life, but he compared inwardly with scorn her sweet ways with Lucina's.

"There isn't a girl her equal in this world," cried her lover, enthusiastically. "Don't you say so, Jerome? You're her brother; you know what she is. Did you ever see anything like that winning little face she makes when she looks up at you?"

"Elmira's a good girl," Jerome repeated.

Lawrence had to be contented with that. He went on to tell Jerome his plans with regard to the engagement between himself and Elmira. He was clearly much under the wise influence of his mother. "Mother says, on Elmira's account, as well as my own, I had better not pay regular attention to her," he said, ruefully, yet with submission. "She says to go to see her occasionally, in a way that won't make talk, and wait. She's coming to see Elmira herself. I've talked it over with her, and she's agreed to it all, as of course she would. Some girls wouldn't, but she— Jerome, I don't believe when we've been married fifty years that your sister will ever have refused to do one single thing I thought best for her."

Jerome nodded, with a puzzled and wistful expression —puzzled because of any man's so exalting his sister when Lucina Merritt was in the world; wistful at the sight of a joy which he must deny himself.

When he went home that night he saw, by the way his mother and sister looked up when he entered the room, that they were wondering if Lawrence had told him the news, and what he thought of it. Elmira's face was so eager that he did not wait. "Yes, I've seen him," he said.

Elmira blushed and quivered, and bent closer over her work.

"What did I tell you?" said his mother, with a kind of tentative triumph.

"You don't know what Doctor Prescott will say," said Jerome.

"Lawrence says his mother thinks his father will come round by-and by, when he gets started in his profession; he always liked Elmira."

"Well, there's one thing," said Jerome, "and that is—of course you and Elmira are not under my control, but no sister of mine will ever enter any family where she is not welcome, with my consent."

"Lawrence says he knows his father will be willing by-and-by," said Elmira, tremulously.

"You know Doctor Prescott always liked your sister," said Ann Edwards.

"Well, if he likes her well enough to have her marry his son, it's all right," said Jerome, and went out to wash his hands and face before supper.

That night Lawrence stole in for a short call. When Elmira came up stairs after he had gone, Jerome, who had been reading in his room, opened his door and called her in.

"Look here, Elmira," said he, "I don't want you to think I don't want you to be happy. I do."

Elmira held out her arms toward him with an involuntary motion. "Oh, Jerome!" she whispered.

The brother and sister had always been chary of caresses, but now Jerome drew Elmira close, pressed her little head against his shoulder, and let her cry there.

"Don't, Elmira," he said at length, brokenly, smoothing her hair. "You know brother wants you to be happy. You are the only little sister he's got."

"Oh, Jerome, I couldn't help it!" sobbed Elmira.

"Of course you couldn't," said Jerome. "Don't cry. I'll work hard and save, and maybe I can get enough money to give you a house and furniture when you're married; then you won't be quite so beholden."

"But you'll—get married yourself, Jerome?" whispered Elmira, who had built a romance about her brother and Lucina after the night of the party.

"No, I shall never get married myself," said Jerome. "All my money is for my sister."

He laughed; but that night, after Elmira was fast asleep in her chamber across the way, he lay awake tasting to the fullest his own cup of bitterness from its contrast with another's sweet.

The longing to see Lucina, to have only the sight of her dear, beautiful face to comfort him, grew as the weeks went on, but he would not yield to it. He had, however, to reckon against odds which he had not anticipated, and they were the innocent schemes of Lucina herself. She had hoped at first that his call was only deferred, that he would come to see her of his own accord; but she soon decided that he would not, and that all the advances must be from herself, since she was undoubtedly at fault. She had fully resolved to make amends for any rudeness and lack of cordiality of which she might have been guilty, at the first opportunity she should have. She planned to speak to him going home from meeting, or on some week-day on the village street; she had her little speech all ready, but the chance to deliver it did not come.

But when she went to meeting Sunday after Sunday, dressed in her prettiest, looking like something between a rose and an angel, and no Jerome was there for her soft backward glances, and when she never met him when she was alone on the village street, she grew impatient.

About this time Lucina's father bought her a beautiful little white horse, like a milk-white palfrey of a princess in a fairy-tale, and she rode every day over the county. Usually Squire Eben accompanied her on a tall sorrel, which had been in his possession for years, but still retained much youthful fire. The sorrel advanced with long lopes, and fretted at being reined to suit the pace of the little white horse, and Squire Eben had disliked riding from his youth unless at a hard gallop, with gun on saddle, toward a distant lair of game. Both he and the tall sorrel rebelled as to their nerves and muscles at this lady-like canter over smooth roads; but the Squire would neither permit his tender Lucina to ride fast, lest she get thrown and hurt, nor to ride alone.

Lawrence Prescott never asked her to ride with him in these days. Lucina, in her blue habit, with a long blue plume wound round her hat and floating behind in the golden blowing of her curls, on her pretty white horse, and the great-booted Squire on his sorrel reined back with an ugly strain on the bits to her side, were a frequent spectacle for admiration on the county roads. No other girl in Upham rode.

It was one day when she was out riding with her father that Lucina made her opportunity to speak with Jerome. Now she had her horse, Jerome was finding it harder to avoid the sight of her. One night, returning from Dale by moonlight, he had heard the quick tramp of horses' feet behind him, and had had a glimpse of Lucina and her father when they passed. Lucina turned in her saddle, and her moon-white face looked over her shoulder at Jerome. She nodded. Jerome made a stiff inclination, holding himself erect under his load of shoes. Lucina was too shy to ask her father to stop that she might speak to Jerome. However, before they reached home she said to her father, in a sweet little constrained voice, "Does he go to Dale every night, father?"

"Who?" said the Squire.

"Jerome Edwards."

"No, I guess not every day; not more than once in three days, when the shoes are finished; he told me so, if I remember rightly."

"It is a long walk," said Lucina.

"It won't hurt a young fellow like him," the Squire said, laughing, but he gave a curious look at his daughter. "What set you thinking about that, Pretty?" he asked.

"We passed him back there, didn't we, father?"

"Sure enough, guess we did," said the Squire, and they trotted on over the moonlit road.

"Looks just like the back of that dapple gray I had when you were a little girl, Pretty," said the Squire, pointing with his whip at the net-work of lights and shadows.

He never thought of any significance in the fact that for the two following days Lucina preferred riding in the morning in another direction, and on the third day preferred after sundown and the road to Dale.

He also thought nothing of it that they passed Jerome Edwards again, and that shortly afterwards Lucina professed herself tired of riding so fast, though it had not been fast for him, and reined her little white horse into a walk. The sorrel plunged and jerked his head obstinately when the Squire tried to reduce his pace also.

"Please ride on, father," said Lucina; her voice sounded like a little silver flute through the Squire's bass whoas.

"And leave you? I guess not. Whoa, Dick! whoa, can't ye?"

"Please, father; Dick frightens me when he does so."

"Can't you ride a little faster, Pretty? Whoa, I tell ye!"

"In just a minute, father, I'll catch up with you. Oh, father, please! Suppose Dick should frighten Fanny and make her run; I could never hold her. Please, father!"

The Squire had small choice, for the sorrel gave a fierce plunge ahead and almost bolted. "Follow as fast as you can, Pretty," he shouted back.

There was a curve in the road just ahead; the Squire was out of sight around it in a flash. Lucina reined her horse in, and waited as motionless as a little equestrian statue. She did not look around for a moment or two; she hoped Jerome would overtake her without that—a strange terror was over her—but he did not.

Finally she looked. He was coming very slowly; he scarcely seemed to move, and was yet quite a distance behind. "I can't wait," Lucina thought, piteously. She turned her horse and rode back to him. He stopped when she came alongside. "Good-evening," said she, tremulously.

"Good-evening," said Jerome. He made such an effort to speak that his voice sounded like a harsh trumpet.

Lucina forgot her pretty little speech. "I wanted to say that I was sorry if I offended you," she said, faintly.

Jerome had no idea what she meant; he could indeed scarcely take in, until later, thinking of them, the sense of her words. He tried to speak, but made only an inarticulate jumble of sounds.

"I hope you will pardon me," said Lucina.

Jerome fairly gasped. He bowed again stiffly.

Lucina said no more. She rode on to join her father. That night, after she had gone to bed, she cried a long while. She reflected how she had never even referred to the matter in question in her suit for pardon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

OH, Dingley, Dingley, Dingley, tariff-tinkerer from
Maine,
'Tis very sad indeed the way you're at the trick again.
Where have you lived these ten years past, in what far-
distant wood,
That all the writing on the wall you have not under-
stood?

Ah, Dingley, Mr. Dingley, do you harbor the ideer
That Major Mac got where he is upon his tariff queer?
Have you the notion in your pate that Yankees are but
fools
Who change their minds like little babes who go to
kinder-schools?

Now, Dingley, see here, Dingley, you're a really grown-
up man;
You'd better give up fire and stick to the frying-pan.
Don't "monkey" with the voters of this country free
and fair;
It wasn't any Chinese Wall that put your party there.

'Twas honesty, dear Dingley. 'Twasn't love for yours
or you,
But just a plain intention that our dollar should be
true;
And he who wins a dollar by "protection" of your
kind
Is bad as he who'd cheat you with his silver, do you
mind!

And one thing's mighty certain—it is plain to men of
sense—
There are millions in this country who are sitting on
the fence,
Who are watching every movement that you legislators
make,
Who'll blast you with their ballots if you make a slight
mistake.

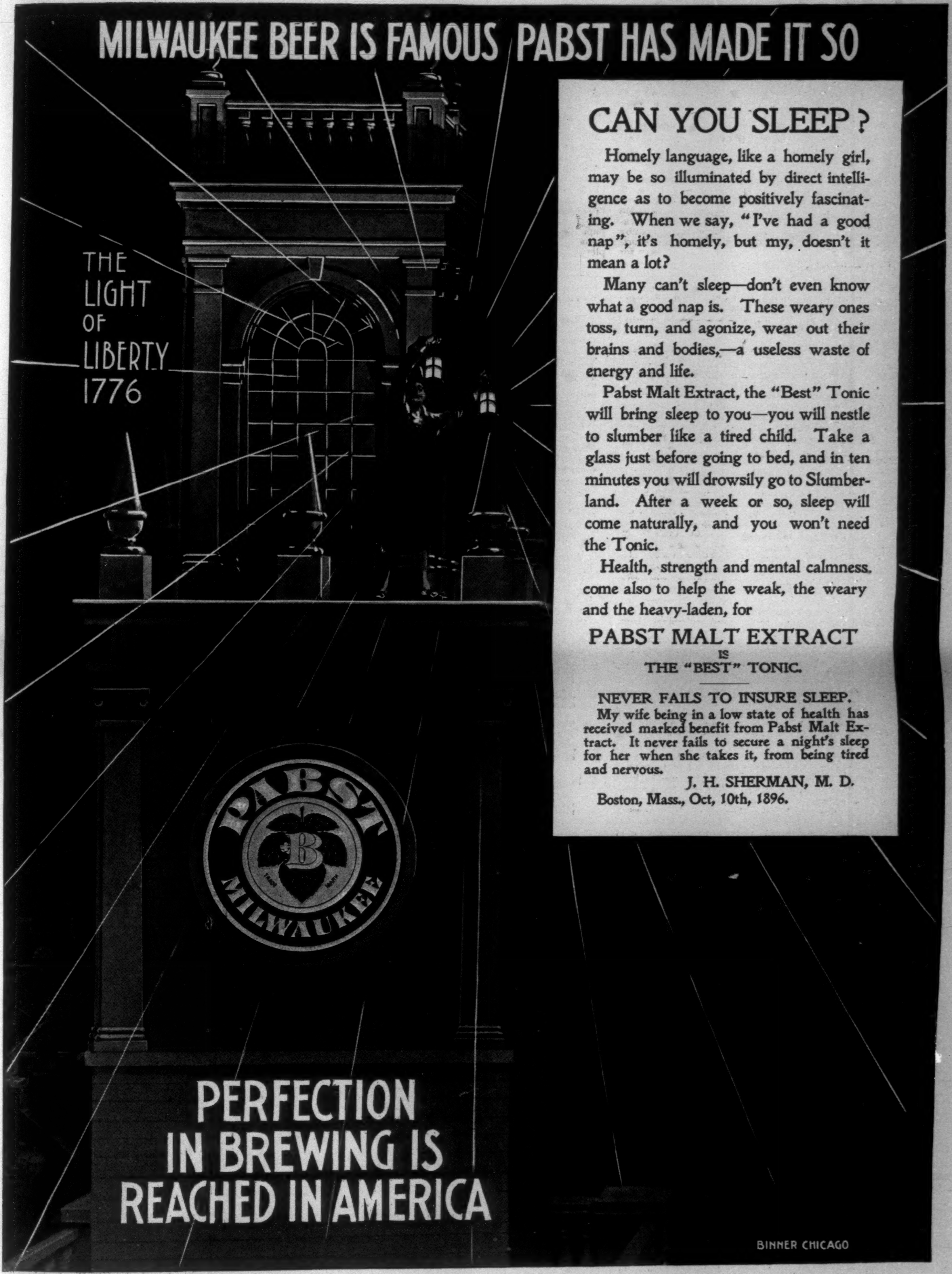
So, Dingley, Mr. Dingley, tariff-tinkerer from Maine,
Take heed! *Festina lente* when you try the trick again;
And don't believe because you're in there'll be no
reckoning,
Oh, Dingley, Mr. Dingley, grand old Dingley, Dingley,
Ding!

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

THE GREEKS IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

A RECENT editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY demonstrated that while the European governments are blindly supporting the Sultan's policy, public opinion is siding with the Cretans and the Greeks. Nowhere more than in France is the sympathy for the Hellenic cause manifested with greater warmth by the press and the popular masses. This is due not only to the civilizing character of that cause, but also to the fact that the French people have not forgotten how many Greeks bravely fought by their side during the Franco-Prussian war of 1870-1. More than two hundred Greek volunteers shed their blood for France at that time.

The movement of sympathy in favor of France was excited by Mr. Gennadios, a professor in the University of Athens. In his newspaper, *l'Etoile*, he urged his countrymen to assist in the defence of French territory. His appeals were reproduced and repeated at Bucharest in the paper *l'Iris*, by the *Nouvelliste* at Constantinople, and the *Clio* at Trieste. The students at Athens started for France; the poorest even sold their books to pay for their passage. Some of them, like the young Theophilopoulos and Deputy Plotirass, went all over their country, holding meetings and publishing fiery appeals to remind the Greeks of the debt of gratitude they owed to France, which had helped them in their war for independence. Fifteen hundred volunteers were easily recruited. They sailed for Marseilles and enlisted as privates in the ranks of the French army. It is under that humble uniform that were killed Leondarites, a lieutenant of engineers and Nicolaides, a former professor of mathematics at the Military School of the Piræus. At the Army of the Loire, the Greek students saved the flag of one regiment, and were eulogized in a special proclamation of the commanding general. They had lost many of their number. In the Vosges, a vanguard company entirely composed of Greeks was surrounded by the enemy and summoned to surrender. They refused, were fired upon, and seventeen were killed, while the others were made prisoners of war by the Germans. The Greek volunteers were commanded by Colonel (now General) Lipowski, who recently related their brave conduct in November, 1870, at the fight at Varize, and in January, 1871, at the battle of Alençon, where they defended heroically the railroad track. These volunteers distinguished themselves in many other fights, and nobly paid the debt of their country toward France. F. A.


MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO
THE LIGHT OF LIBERTY 1776
CAN YOU SLEEP?
Homely language, like a homely girl, may be so illuminated by direct intelligence as to become positively fascinating. When we say, "I've had a good nap", it's homely, but my, doesn't it mean a lot?
Many can't sleep—don't even know what a good nap is. These weary ones toss, turn, and agonize, wear out their brains and bodies,—a useless waste of energy and life.
Pabst Malt Extract, the "Best" Tonic will bring sleep to you—you will nestle to slumber like a tired child. Take a glass just before going to bed, and in ten minutes you will drowsily go to Slumberland. After a week or so, sleep will come naturally, and you won't need the Tonic.
Health, strength and mental calmness come also to help the weak, the weary and the heavy-laden, for
PABST MALT EXTRACT IS THE "BEST" TONIC.
NEVER FAILS TO INSURE SLEEP.
My wife being in a low state of health has received marked benefit from Pabst Malt Extract. It never fails to secure a night's sleep for her when she takes it, from being tired and nervous.
J. H. SHERMAN, M. D.
Boston, Mass., Oct, 10th, 1896.
PABST B MILWAUKEE
PERFECTION IN BREWING IS REACHED IN AMERICA
BINNER CHICAGO

AMATEUR SPORT

This Department went to press April 22.

THE TEAPOT TEMPEST over Sunday bicycle-racing appears to have spent its force, except in California and in Minnesota and Michigan, where in a few sections it still roars mildly. Elsewhere the impending storm is passing, wasted to impotency by its thunderous dissipations. It seems, indeed, to have been nothing more destructive than a summer wind-storm, which in many quarters has swept away the refuse that hampered the healthful growth of bicycling. And the bicycling atmosphere is the clearer because of the visitation. It is an ill wind that blows no one good.

Had the area of this Sunday-racing tempest been more extensive, we should be the more thankful, for no sport in America harbors so great a number of disturbing spirits as bicycling. A very large percentage of the so-called racing-men of the L. A. W. are impelled to sporting endeavor by the desire of self-aggrandizement rather than by the love of sport. It is this class, abetted by those sporting harpies the race-meet "promoters," that clamors for Sunday racing.

IT IS TRUE THAT IN ISOLATED SECTIONS of the West, Sunday sports of one kind or another are attended by reputable and moral people—not as a rule, but on occasions. But it is equally true in the West that where there is one to countenance Sunday sport there are a score to earnestly oppose it. The question is one which should be decided on the basis of the greatest good to the greatest number.

As to the class of men who race or desire to race on Sunday, and so far only need the L. A. W. consider the matter, a very little investigation will convince any one, as more extensive investigation has convinced me, that it is not the class which provides the bone and sinew of the L. A. W., nor is it the class we desire to perpetuate in amateur bicycle-racing. Therefore I say it is a pity the subsiding agitation over Sunday racing could not have retained sufficient vitality to carry it farther and last longer.

THE ONLY SECTIONS, as I have said, where the threatened secession from the League of American Wheelmen seems likely to be carried out are California, Michigan, and Minnesota. In California there has always existed, outside of the colleges, a notorious disregard for the ethics of amateur sport, and organization now for Sunday bicycle-racing comes as a natural sequence to many years of semi-professionalism in baseball and track athletics. Nor have I any doubt that the establishment of a Sunday-racing league will be welcomed in California by the better class as a means of ridding Pacific coast sport of the undesirable elements. There are many earnest workers out there in the cause of wholesome sport, and though they have labored under most discouraging difficulties, much good has been accomplished.

It is entirely possible that a semi-professional bicycle league—for that is what the Sunday-racing organizations will practically become—will flourish in California, which is so far removed from the centres of racing that its riders do not come into contact with those of the middle West and the East.

BUT THERE SEEMS SLIGHT CHANCE of successful life for similar leagues in Michigan or Minnesota, or in any of the States or sections whose riders now seek the L. A. W. events as the most important of the year. They cannot receive the support of the college men, whose athletic associations would promptly disqualify them for inter-collegiate events after the first race under any Sunday-racing league auspices. They are not likely, in fact, to enlist the sympathies of any level-headed rider, because he knows that his first Sunday race will debar him from amateur sport of all kinds.

It is really regrettable that there is not better prospect of life for the Sunday-racing leagues—it would so rarefy the bicycling atmosphere! If these Sunday leagues (for so, for lack of a better name, I must call them) are organized to any extent, it is more than likely that after a few unrewarded efforts to enlist amateur riders they will develop into out and out professional racing associations. This would really be only a change in name, and scarcely save them from eventual dissolution. It is exceedingly doubtful if a number of disassociated professional racing State leagues could make the venture profitable. In the first place, there is not enough home talent to support them, and of course they would be dependent on local professionals, since the best class of professionals would hardly jeopard their *bona fides* with the L. A. W. And in the second place, the corruption which always follows the money-making efforts of irresponsible professional promoters would create suspicion as to the honesty of the racing.

It may be that some day the interests of professional bicycle-racing in this country will demand another governing power than the League of American Wheelmen, but if so, the successor to the L. A. W. must be as complete in organization, as trustworthy in its intentions, and as national in rulings.

WE ARE ACCUSTOMED TO SEE in the newspapers, from time to time, some intimation, from various officials of the L. A. W., that at a possible special meeting, or at the National Assembly next year, this Sunday-racing question may be reconsidered and readjusted to meet the wishes of its advocates.

Whether these unofficial and therefore irresponsible announcements are the offerings of L. A. W. politicians, who hope thereby to mollify the verdict of the recent Assembly, I know not, but that they do not represent the sentiment of the great body of wheelmen I do know. No Eastern official of the L. A. W. who values his office would dare to father Sunday racing. The Eastern members of the League of American Wheelmen are almost to a man irreconcilably opposed to it, and so too are the best classes of members in the South and the middle West. The strength—numerically and otherwise—of the L. A. W. lies east of the Mississippi River; indeed, I may truly say east of the Ohio River, taking its source as the western boundary. In all this area not five per cent., probably not even that many, of the L. A. W. members favor Sunday racing. The hope is futile, therefore, of any future Assembly rescinding the present proscription of Sunday bicycle-racing.

The fact is, the agitation of this question will have an educative and beneficient influence. The respectable classes of society East, West, North, and South do not favor organized Sunday sport; the L. A. W. never before had such unequivocal evidence to that effect, and disgruntled individuals are rapidly discovering their minority.

In a few weeks we shall probably have heard the last of the subject. And as it is, the Sunday meetings scheduled at San Francisco, Minneapolis, and New Orleans have failed to eventuate—because of a lack of entries!!

IT MAY NOT BE that the collegiate committee actually put up at auction the location of the inter-collegiate boat-races, but the manipulation of the privilege before Poughkeepsie and New London Board of Trade committees would convey such an impression to the average newspaper reader. Such commercial manœuvring as this year signalized the selection of a rowing course is most displeasing to sportsmen, and has a thoroughly unwholesome influence on college sport.

Poughkeepsie is unquestionably the better course for the purposes of this year's races, and that fact was patent from the first to every boating-man in the several interested universities. Nor has doubt existed among those qualified to judge of this course being finally determined upon.

PLAY IN THE RACQUET CHAMPIONSHIP, held this year in the courts of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, revealed the best general form we have seen since strife for national honors at this game became an annual event. With the single exception of Mr. Tooker of Boston, at present in Europe, the entries comprised the most skilled of our native players, while a somewhat international flavoring was given the tournament by the entrance of Mr. F. F. Rolland, of Montreal, a representative Canadian, and a performer of the first class.

Rolland had the ill luck to be drawn in his first game against Mr. B. Spaulding de Garmendia, than whom we have no player more formidable, and none so expert, unless perchance Mr. Tooker has made the slight improvement he needed a couple of years ago to merit such classification. It may be recalled that Mr. Tooker is the only one to have ever defeated Mr. de Garmendia in a scratch tournament, although in fairness to Mr. de Garmendia it should be said that he was not in top form at the time, and subsequently re-established his right to the title of champion by a victory over Mr. Tooker.

ALTHOUGH MR. ROLLAND'S CONDITION was evidently superior to that of Mr. de Garmendia, and his service at all times clever and on occasions brilliantly severe, yet the consistently hard service of the American, his excellent judgment and well-placed returns, unmistakably stamped his game as of a higher class than that of his Canadian opponent. There was no time when the ultimate result of the match seemed in doubt, and Mr. de Garmendia's win in three straight games—15-5, 15-6, 15-10—was not, therefore, unexpected. In detail the score was:

FIRST GAME.

De Garmendia	0	1	0	3	11—15
Rolland	1	0	0	4	0— 5

Aces by service—Rolland, 5; de Garmendia, 6. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 8. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 1.

SECOND GAME.

De Garmendia	1	2	6	0	0	2	1	0	2	1—15
Rolland	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	0	..— 6

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 2. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 10; Rolland, 6. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 3.

THIRD GAME.

De Garmendia	2	1	1	3	7	0	0	1—15
Rolland	2	0	0	3	2	3	0	..—10

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 5; Rolland, 2. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 6; Rolland, 4. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 4; Rolland, 4.

THE SECOND MATCH IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP was quite as interesting as the first had proved to be, since it brought together the veteran player Mr. C. Lawrence Perkins and Mr. Valentine G. Hall, whose record in racquets is of recent if of brilliant making. Mr. Hall's adoption of the game has come during the last two years, but within that time he has made sufficient advance to put him in the first class, and to have given him last year the New York club championship. Mr. Perkins's longer experience was emphatically apparent in the first game, for he literally played all around his opponent, scoring at will by nicely placed returns, although Mr. Hall found no difficulty in handling his service. In the second game Mr. Perkins's experience proved less valuable, for though he continued placing cleverly and doing really better work on service than he had in the first game, yet Mr. Hall was doing better too—much better than in the first game, when he seemed weak by comparison.

The second was a close game, and indeed the decisive one of the match, for therein the full strength of Mr. Perkins's more workmanlike form and abler placing, and Mr. Hall's greater activity, better condition, and severer service, were tested, and the latter's qualities won.

Thereafter Mr. Hall's eventual victory was assured. Mr. Perkins had evidently made his supreme effort in the second game, and losing that, realized his inability to sustain the pace set by his younger opponent. The third and fourth games went rather easily to Hall, whose play appeared to improve as the match progressed. Summary:

FIRST GAME.

Perkins	0	2	1	1	1	1	6	1	1	0	0	1—15
Hall	0	2	0	1	2	2	0	0	0	1	0	..— 8

Aces by service—Perkins, 4; Hall, 5. Aces by placing—Perkins, 6; Hall, 1. Aces by opponent's miss—Perkins 5; Hall, 2.

SECOND GAME.

Hall	1	1	1	0	0	0	2	1	1	0	6	0	2—15
Perkins	1	1	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	0	0	0	0—11

Aces by service—Perkins, 6; Hall, 6. Aces by placing—Perkins, 5; Hall, 6. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 3.

THIRD GAME.

Hall	2	0	0	8	0	0	4	1—15
Perkins	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	..— 3

Aces by service—Hall, 7. Aces by placing—Hall, 6; Perkins, 2. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 2; Perkins, 1.

FOURTH GAME.

Hall	1	1	0	0	0	1	3	2	0	3	1	2	0	0	1—15
Perkins	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	..— 5

Aces by service, Hall, 4; Perkins, 2. Aces by placing—Hall, 5; Perkins, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 6.

IT MUST BE REGRETTED that the championship served not to bring Mr. Hall and Mr. J. S. Hoyt together, since the latter's showing against Mr. de Garmendia in the third round of the championship tournament provided convincing evidence of the very near equality of these two—Hall and Hoyt.

Mr. Hoyt found Mr. de Garmendia in slightly better condition than had Mr. Rolland a few days before, as the meteoric manner by which the champion opened and closed his first game with Mr. Hoyt conclusively exhibited. But Mr. Hoyt was also in prime condition, besides which he proved more skilful in placing returns than any man Mr. de Garmendia met during the week. A study of the detailed score will prove interesting in this particular. Hoyt won the second game after some very pretty handling of de Garmendia's severe service, and by well-judged placing of difficult balls; he made a good fight for the two following games, but de Garmendia won out through really superior judgment and cleverer execution. Summary:

FIRST GAME.

De Garmendia	3	5	1	0	1	2	1	1	1—15
Hoyt	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	5	..— 8

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 7; Hoyt, 3. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 5; Hoyt, 5.

SECOND GAME.

Hoyt	1	3	0	2	1	1	2	3	0	1	1	2	1—18
De Garmendia	2	0	0	1	5	1	0	0	2	2	2	1	0—16

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 6; Hoyt, 4. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 6; Hoyt, 9. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 4; Hoyt, 5.

THIRD GAME.

De Garmendia	2	3	2	0	2	4	2—15
Hoyt	0	0	0	1	2	0	8—11

Aces by service—Hoyt, 6; de Garmendia, 5. Aces by placing—Hoyt, 5; de Garmendia, 5. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 5.

FOURTH GAME.

De Garmendia	0	3	0	1	2	1	0	0	2	0	4	0	2—15
Hoyt	2	1	0	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	4	0	..—12

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 8; Hoyt, 6. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 4; Hoyt, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 3; Hoyt, 3.

THIS BROUGHT MR. H. H. HUNNEWELL, who had drawn a bye in the first round of the championship, and Mr. Hall together in the semi-finals. As Mr. Hunnewell was, in the absence of Mr. Tooker, the chosen representative of the Boston Athletic Association, and a player tutored by no less a master than the professional Tom Pettitt, some apprehension was manifested of Mr. Hall's ability to uphold the reputation of the New York club. But disquiet was needless, for although the Boston player showed a good game, and really a stronger one on placing returns than his New York adversary, yet Mr. Hall demonstrated beyond peradventure that all-round he is the stronger of the two; a verdict which, in the present form of the two men, would recur, it seems, at every meeting. Summary:

FIRST GAME.

Hunnewell	0	1	3	1	0	1	0	0	2	3	3	1—15
Hall	0	0	0	0	2	1	5	1	0	2	0	..—11

Aces by service—Hunnewell, 7; Hall, 6. Aces by placing—Hunnewell, 7; Hall, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—Hunnewell, 1; Hall, 2.

SECOND GAME.

Hall	1	0	2	0	3	1	1	1	3	3—15
Hunnewell	1	0	1	0	5	0	1	0	0	1— 9

Aces by service—Hall, 8; Hunnewell, 4. Aces by placing—Hall, 3; Hunnewell, 4. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 4; Hunnewell, 1.

THIRD GAME.

Hall	0	3	0	0	2	3	7—15
Hunnewell	2	0	0	1	1	1	..— 5

Aces by service—Hall, 7; Hunnewell, 2. Aces by placing—Hall, 4; Hunnewell, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 4.

FOURTH GAME.

Hall	1	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	2	6	0	0	1	0	2—15
Hunnewell	1	0	1	1	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	..— 8

Aces by service—Hall, 8; Hunnewell, 2. Aces by placing—Hall, 4; Hunnewell, 5. Aces by opponent's miss—Hall, 3; Hunnewell, 1.

NO DOUBT EXISTED as to the outcome of the final match for the championship between Mr. de Garmendia and Mr. Hall, but considerable curiosity was aroused as to the relative strength of Messrs. Rolland, Hoyt, and Hall, taking their games with Mr. de Garmendia as a basis for comparison. It is true that Mr. de Garmendia played with more dash and severity against Mr. Hall than he had in any other match of the tournament, and perhaps the inevitable which faced Mr. Hall from the very opening bore significantly upon his game. But making due allowance for such impressions, the comparative scores still reveal much of interest touching the skill of the respective players, and rather prove—as much as such deductions ever do—that Mr. Hoyt showed, of the three, the strongest game against Mr. de Garmendia.

For instance, in his match of three games against Mr. de Garmendia, Mr. Rolland scored a total of 21 aces, of which 7 were earned on service and 10 by placing. Mr. Hoyt, in his four-game match with Mr. de Garmendia, scored 49 aces, 19 of them on service and 17 by placing. Mr. Hall, in three games with Mr. de Garmendia, achieved a total score of only 11 aces, 5 of them by service and 3 by placing. Thus it would seem that of the men who during the week disputed his way to the championship Mr. de Garmendia experienced least difficulty in disposing of Mr. Hall's claims to recognition. In three swiftly following games Mr. de Garmendia defeated the runner up, 15-4, 15-3, 15-4; and though there was lacking something of his usual speed in moving about the court and in the strength of his service, yet Mr. Hall's game was always the best of which he was for the time being capable. In other words, it was plucky.

MR. DE GARMENDIA, WHO THUS BECOMES the champion of the United States, has the rather notable record of having won the national title every year but two since 1888, and in those two years he was an absentee. The strongest feature of his game is his remarkable judgment of pace. No amateur we have ever seen so completely illus-

(Continued on page 453.)

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—With Drawings by Remington.—8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Harper & Brothers.

DO YOU THINK?

Do you know the difference between crucible and open hearth steel?

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First, MATERIAL;
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You can know all about your bicycle by carefully examining these two things.

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Few bicycle makers invite the rider to examine carefully into all material used, before buying. We like this way of selling bicycles. The more you inquire, the better pleased we are.

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If you have a high grade neck, ride a high grade wheel. We prefer to say "Victor grade," since it means more.

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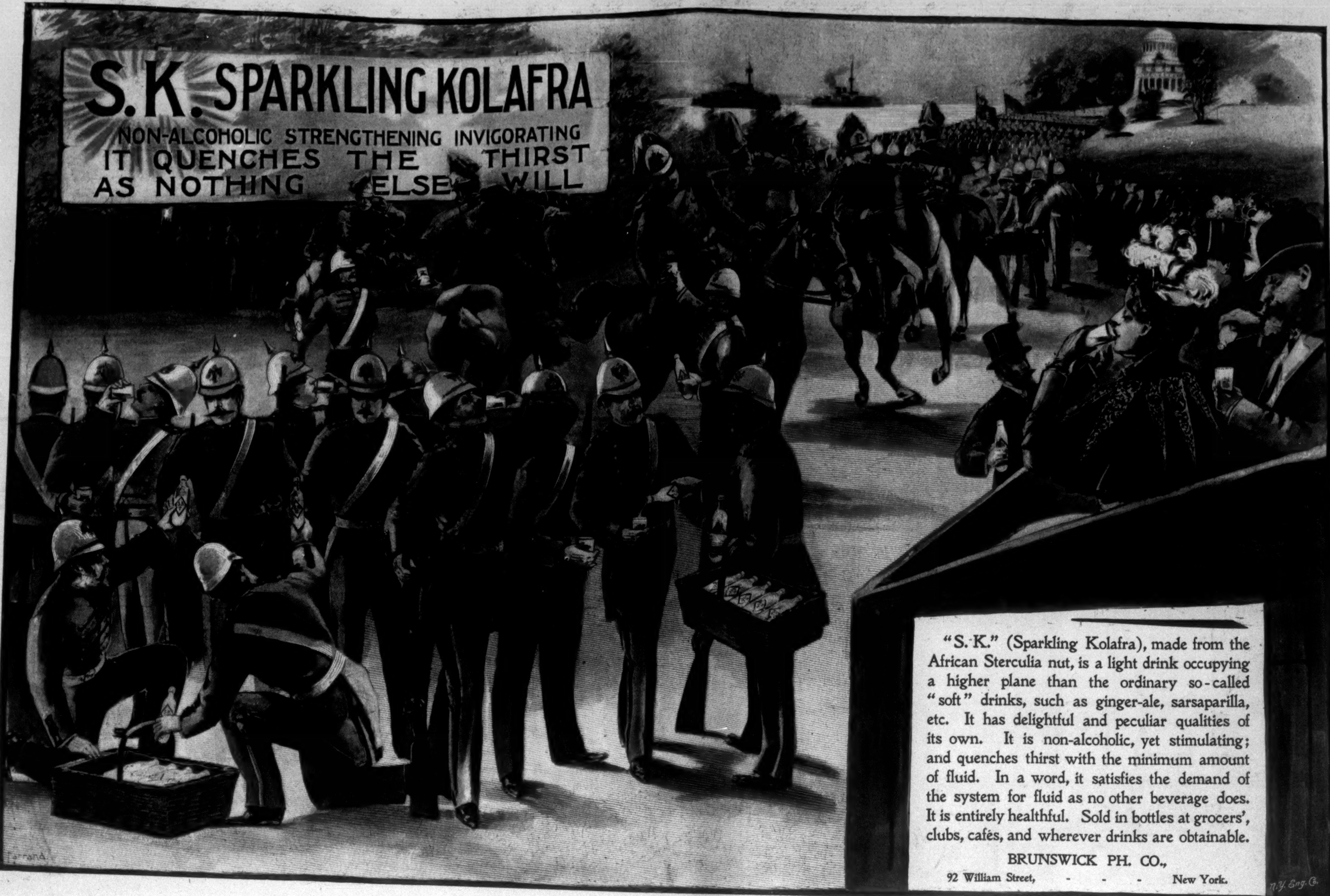
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NON-ALCOHOLIC STRENGTHENING INVIGORATING
IT QUENCHES THE THIRST AS NOTHING ELSE WILL
"S. K." (Sparkling Kolafra), made from the African Sterculia nut, is a light drink occupying a higher plane than the ordinary so-called "soft" drinks, such as ginger-ale, sarsaparilla, etc. It has delightful and peculiar qualities of its own. It is non-alcoholic, yet stimulating; and quenches thirst with the minimum amount of fluid. In a word, it satisfies the demand of the system for fluid as no other beverage does. It is entirely healthful. Sold in bottles at grocers', clubs, cafés, and wherever drinks are obtainable.
BRUNSWICK PH. CO.,
92 William Street, - - - New York.

(*Continued from page 450.*)

strates the superiority of accuracy in placing over mere around-the-court play, nor is there any player, aside from that wizard of the racquet, George Standing, the New York club's professional, who puts into such masterful practice

GEORGE R. FEARING, JR.,
Court-Tennis Champion of the United States for 1897.

the theory that the ball should come to the player, instead of that the player should chase the ball.

FIRST GAME.

De Garmendia	5	0	3	7—15
Hall	0	2	1	1— 4

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 6; Hall, 2. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 1; Hall, 1. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 8; Hall, 1.

SECOND GAME.

De Garmendia	7	2	3	3—15
Hall	0	1	2	..— 3

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 3; Hall, 2. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 6; Hall, 1. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 6.

THIRD GAME.

De Garmendia	3	8	4—15
Hall	4	0	..— 4

Aces by service—de Garmendia, 4; Hall, 1. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 5; Hall, 1. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 6; Hall, 2.

RECAPITULATION.

Total aces scored—de Garmendia, 45; Hall, 11. Aces by service—de Garmendia, 13; Hall, 5. Aces by placing—de Garmendia, 12; Hall, 3. Aces by opponent's miss—de Garmendia, 20; Hall, 3. Time of match, 21 minutes.

The New York tournament was the most successful and the most interesting yet held in this country. Regrettably, there were no entries from either Philadelphia or Chicago, which is somewhat surprising, considering the excellent courts in each of those cities and the number of men who use them. Perhaps in another year we shall have aspirants for national honors from each, for the interest awakening in racquets—the greatest of in-door games—is noteworthy.

Fresh from his victory in the United States championship, Mr. de Garmendia subsequently entered and won the Canadian championship, held at Montreal, by defeating Mr. Morton Paton, of New York, who had previously beaten Mr. Meredith of Montreal, three games to one.

IF BOSTON SOUGHT IN VAIN for honors at the racquet championship decided in New York, New York's uttermost efforts for reward were as unavailing in the court-tennis championship held in Boston. But site, in truth, apparently has no bearing on Boston's triumphal course in court-tennis. Last year the Boston Athletic Association representatives, Messrs. L. M. Stockton and George R. Fearing, Jr., came to the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, where the championship was contested, and visited defeat upon the New-Yorkers. Now they have recently repeated their success in the courts of their home club.

The court-tennis championship tournament, like the racquet championship, is decided on alternate years in the courts of the New York Racquet and Tennis Club and the Boston Athletic Association, and, somewhat curiously, Boston has almost as invariably excelled in tennis as New York has in racquets.

Last year the final struggle was between Mr. Stockton and Mr. Fearing, the former winning, although his opponent was suffering at the time with a lame knee. Mr. E. A. Thomson was the only one of the New York men in the 1896 tournament to threaten, and that not seriously, Boston's ultimate success.

THIS YEAR NEW YORK WAS REPRESENTED again by Mr. Thomson, and by Mr. B. S. de Garmendia, who last year was absent. Mr. de Garmendia is stronger at the game than Mr. Thomson, and New York had hopes of housing the cup emblematic of the U. S. championship for the current year. But Boston evinced superiority about as emphatically as hitherto, the final contest being between B. A. A. clubmates, as it had been in '96.

Mr. Stockton defeated Mr. Thomson rather easily in three straight sets, and Mr. Fearing won a decisive if less easy victory over Mr. de Garmendia. The championship match between Mr. Fearing and Mr. Stockton proved one of the cleverest exhibitions of tennis this inter-club series has yet disclosed, Fearing winning, 3-6, 6-3, 6-4, 5-7, 6-3.

Both men played with unexampled steadiness, and though Fearing looked the winner for the greater share of time, Stockton's game was notably strong, and his corner-placing exceptionally good. Truth is, these two are very evenly matched, as shown by the record of some half-

B. SPAULDING DE GARMENDIA,
Racquet Champion of the United States and Canada for 1897.

dozen or so meetings, all of which have taken five sets to decide. Stockton's service is perhaps a bit better than Fearing's, but his round-the-court play is a little inferior. Generally speaking, their play is quite similar, and both show a stronger game than de Garmendia.

COMPARING THE NEW-YORKER'S GAME with that of Messrs. Fearing and Stockton, de Garmendia seems to depend almost entirely on accuracy and length combined with excellent judgment. Strange enough for one whose game is so severe in racquets, his chief fault in tennis is lack of severity, and in this respect he is much inferior to either Fearing or Stockton. De Garmendia and Stockton did not come together, but the latter's severity would seem to suggest demoralization of the former's accurate game in the event of a meeting.

Mr. Fearing is an all-round athlete of the best type and of natural ability, who during his undergraduate life at Harvard, '91-4, achieved honors in every branch of sport he entered; and if my memory does not play me false, he entered about every branch except baseball. Without having the actual data at hand, my impression is that Fearing upheld the athletic honor of Harvard more frequently and in a greater variety of sports than has any other Harvard man in a like number of years. And first and last he was always a sportsman.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP COURT OF THE NEW YORK RACQUET CLUB.

MUSCOVITE GRECOPHOBIA.

THE hostile attitude of Russia toward Greece has been a cause of surprise to many people and writers who remembered the testament of Peter the Great urging his successors to conquer Constantinople, the religious affinities of Greeks and Russians, and the family relations existing between the sovereigns at Athens and at St. Petersburg. Still, the anti-Hellenic policy of the Muscovite government can be easily explained, since it was plainly understood by Russian diplomacy that the Greeks did not care to become the mujik of the Czar any more than the rayahs of the Sultan. But if this terrible alternative were forced upon them, they would rather have to submit to the latter. With the Turks hope would remain, for the Ottoman Empire is crumbling every day, and enfranchisement would soon come. With the Russians, on the contrary, who are yet in the full expansion of conquest and might, Greece, like Poland, would soon descend to the grave. Such is the universal sentiment in Hellas, among the popular masses as well as among the enlightened classes. This sentiment was already apparent after the Cretan insurrection of 1866, and was explained to Europe by Gustave Flourens and Amilcare Cipriani, a French and an Italian volunteer, who behaved so heroically during that insurrection.

Despite all her apparent advances of friendship, Russia was ever and is yet looked upon with suspicion and antipathy in Greece. There is too great a difference between the rude and despotic character of the Muscovites and the refined and liberal nature of the Hellenes. Moreover, the latter are still caressing their ideas of Pan-Hellenism and their dream of again possessing Constantinople, which is coveted by Russia herself. The Muscovites know that Greece will be ever a stubborn obstacle to their projects, a barrier to their invading propensities; and they conclude that the fewer Greeks there are, the more powerful will be the Russian Empire. The traditional policy of the Czars has aimed at preventing a too intimate alliance of Greece with any of the four neighboring countries, Roumania, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Servia, which are more or less attracted toward her by the prestige of the superior Hellenic civilization, and by the dread of the Russian bear. This is once more demonstrated in a recent despatch from St. Petersburg stating that it was "semi-officially pointed out" that the formation of an alliance between Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro was not only for their protection, but against Pan-Hellene aspiration in the Balkan Peninsula. The despatch might as well have added that such an alliance is not yet formed, inasmuch as Russia is opposed to it, though she poses as the protector and friend of the Slav orthodox population of the Balkans and the Carpathians. The "Little Father" on the bank of the Neva had emancipated these populations from the Turkish yoke only to submit them to the knout; and he worked against them when Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Servians showed their displeasure at the continuance of Muscovite practical domination. The Czar energetically opposed, in 1885, the reunion of Eastern Rumelia to Bulgaria, and, later, the annexation of Crete to Greece. Meanwhile he has constantly supported the Sultan in order to maintain intact an inheritance which Russia would be sure to appropriate if the Greek watch-dog could be weakened or annihilated, a task to which the Muscovite is now giving his best attention.

FÉLIX AUCAIGNE.

THE WIRE.

IN ambient air it lightly swings,
  This living thread of force and fire,
And as I pass, a robin clings
  To the frail fabric of the wire.

What can the warbling songster know
  Of all the rapture, all the pain,
Which thrill his perch in sun or snow,
  Or in the pattering of the rain?

He sits and carols to the breeze,
  And maybe dreams a summer dream,
While from the near-by willow-trees
  The red breasts of his brothers gleam.

I know not if his strain is sweet,
  Because I seem to hear a song
That trembles at his dainty feet,
  Then speeds unerringly along;

A song, a message of desire,
  Fit for some queenly carrier-dove,
Streaming upon the secret wire
  Straight to the listening ear of love.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

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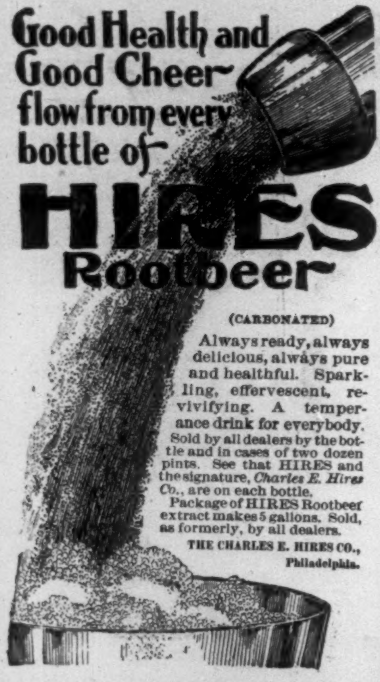

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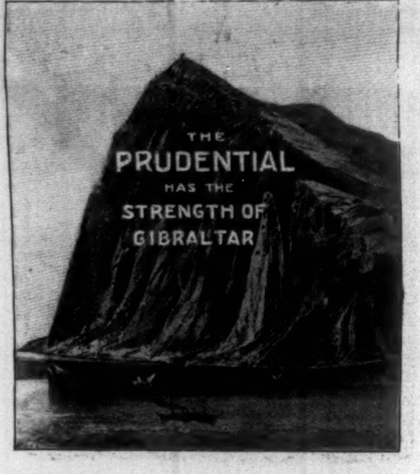

...HAS... Assets, **$19,541,827** Income, **$14,158,445** Surplus, **$4,034,116** Claims Paid, over **$26,000,000**

FIVE YEARS' STEADY SWEEP ONWARD.

	Dec. 31—1891	Dec. 31—1896	Increase in 5 Years
Assets	$6,889,674	$19,541,827	$12,652,153
Surplus	1,449,057	4,034,116	2,585,059
Income	6,703,631	14,158,445	7,454,813
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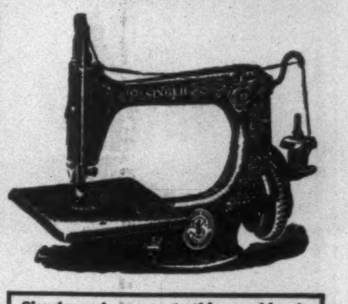

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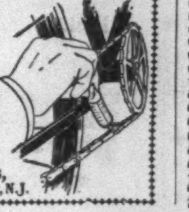

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